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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Court and Camp of Don Carlos; being the results of a late Tour in the Basque Provinces, and parts of Catalonia, Aragon, Castile, and Estremadura.* By M. Burke Honan. Post 8vo. pp. 422. Macrone.

*Journal of the Movements of the British Legion.* By an Officer late of the Quarter-Master-General's Staff. 8vo. pp. 262.

Two publications of more opposite nature could hardly issue from the press. It would seem as if the two parties were resolved to bring up the heavy artillery of books in aid of their newspaper musketry. Mr. Honan declares that he underwent all the fatigues and perils of his journey merely to gratify his curiosity, and ascertain how matters really stood in Spain; but, be that as it may, he has returned a complete Carlist: while, on the other hand, the anonymous author—Lieutenant Richardson, we believe—is an avowed partisan of the queen, one of Evans's legionary officers, and an unflinching abuser of Tories, Toryism, Carlism, and all such abominations. For curious information, even after Capt. Heiningens's work, the first-mentioned volume is by far the most valuable; but there are also some interesting notices to be picked out of the last.

We are afraid our limits will hardly suffice to do them justice; but we must bring them before our readers as well as we can, for they relate to a conflict important in the principles it involves, in its own dark character, and in the results it must to a certainty produce.

Mr. Honan charges the Spanish ministry with deluding the public by fictitious accounts of victories, and with jobbing in every money-market in Europe.

"The positive fact," he says, "was, that nothing but lying and imposture succeeded at Madrid; and I know that a beaten general, who was called a *Bribon* (scoundrel) by the minister of state, and told not to come near the government to annoy it,—who received from another minister the epithet of *C—*, the most offensive which can be given to a Spaniard,—was sent out, three days after the occurrence, to command the army; and, though he was defeated in every instance, he contrived to lie so stoutly, and to bully the government and the public, that he has still compelled the one to continue him at the head of the forces, and the other to believe that he was the Napoleon of Spain."

He notices other instances of newspaper fallacies, circulated for stock-jobbing purposes, and shews that the war itself owes much to the Alley.

At Bayonne, our traveller, having identified himself by signs and symbols, known only to the initiated, arranged with the agents of Don Carlos for crossing the Spanish frontier. At Villa Real, the servant girl "wished," says the author, "much to know if we were about to enter the service of Don Carlos; and she asked me many questions as to the number and quality of the English who had joined the queen: and she made use of a phrase which struck me as very remarkable, when she inquired if the General Evans and his troops were regular soldiers, sent by the British Go-

vernment, or *hombres comprados*—literally, 'bought men.' I take it that such is the proper expression; and, after all that has been said or written about the motives of those who have left their own country, to fight against men with whom neither they nor their nation had any cause of quarrel, I fear the world will consider them as 'hombres comprados,' since the term, 'mercenaries,' is out of fashion, and the word, *condottieri*, gives offence."

In the midst of this civil war, the provinces held by Don Carlos are cultivated and productive to the utmost. He is in want of cavalry and money, but Catalonia and Aragon are rising in his favour, and he is here represented as gaining strength and power from day to day. At Hernani, the General Gomez and Colonel Esterica "gave the English every credit for their bravery in the attack, and declared it was their gallantry which saved the Christinos from being cut to pieces in the retreat; but they, at the same time, expressed themselves strongly against our countrymen for meddling in a contest with which they had no concern, and fighting in the name of liberty against the free provinces of the north, where there has existed for centuries a representation and a constitution. They conversed freely on the state of the Carlist cause, and spoke with confidence of a favourable result, as all the late advices from Catalonia proved the insurrection was in full activity there; and that, as the candle was thus lighted at both ends, it must speedily take fire in the centre, which was Aragon. They made no scruple of admitting the weakness of their cavalry and the want of money, which compelled them to keep the troops two months in arrear, and the variety of obstacles which time must produce against them. But they were not only full of hope, but of confidence; and they appealed to the state of the country through which we came, as to the progress which they had made within the last twelve months—the provinces then militarily occupied by the Christinos being now entirely free.

"The rations for the army consist of one pound of white bread, one pound of meat, and one pint of wine, with a real per day in cash, which was paid according to the fullness of the treasury; but the men were not discontented even if there should be some arrear, as they were convinced good faith will be kept with them. The greater part of the army, when I was at head-quarters, was two months in arrear; but their rations never failed, and they knew that new clothing was in preparation for them.

I am quite satisfied, though thick the population of the four provinces is, that a full crop of one year must be equal to three or four years' consumption; for, as the hills are fertile, and even the mountains under cultivation, and as they rise closely to each other, like the waves on an agitated ocean, the surface must be, moderately speaking, four times as much as if the country were a plain. And it is only by a conviction of that fact that the present abundance of the provinces—after two years and a half of civil war, and after the immoderate supply of rations to both armies, on an average

eighty thousand a-day when the Christinos held the high and the Carlists the mountains, and forty thousand daily, at present—can be accounted for. It will be further remarked, that the content of the people now arises from the circumstance that they have only one army to feed; and, though they desire peace, and would gladly welcome an arrangement, they do not complain of a state which is comparative happiness with what they before experienced, and in which they have security in their houses, employment for their sons, and the pride of independence and of conquest. During the year of Rodil and Mina's burnings and extortions the condition of the inhabitants was deplorable, and the feeling for their ancient privileges must indeed be deep which enabled them to hold out against his power and contributions."

At Onate we are introduced to Don Carlos. "We had heard that Don Carlos was tolerably well provided; but we did not altogether expect to find him thus established with all the forms of a little court, a retinue of gentlemen, and even the luxury of good music in his train. I expressed my surprise; but I was told to reserve a little for the further progress of my tour, as there was more to be seen and to be wondered at before it would be concluded. \* \* I think I may as well state here that Don Carlos' partiality to the church is greatly misunderstood in England; and that, far from being a friend to friars and monks, he has a sensible opinion of the inutility of those gentry in the present day. He is a conscientious and a religious man, but not a bigot; and he makes a just distinction between the parish clergy and the lazy friars. This feeling has been increased by the want of sympathy which they shewed in his misfortunes; and though he could not in his position venture to say so, it is understood that he views without regret the steps taken by the queen's government to convert those overgrown properties to the national use, as he hopes to arrive in time at Madrid to profit by the harvest which it is sowing. I have stated before that the monks did not come forward to assist him, until Rodil's burnings, and the murders at Madrid, convinced them that their extinction was written if the liberal system continued; and even since then, though their very existence is at stake, the aid they have sent Don Carlos has been most inconsiderable. One fact is evident, and that is, neither monks nor friars are in his train; and from Irun to Onate I saw but one monk, and only one other here—namely, the fat preacher. It is astonishing how far removed from the truth are our popular impressions in England; and while every one believes that the Carlists are annihilated, and only venturing to peep from behind rocks, or to shew themselves at the tops of mountains, they are, and have been, since June last, in undisputed possession of the provinces; while the Christinos dare not appear, unless in large bodies, and well defended by cavalry, and then only in the plains; and that, while every one asserts that Don Carlos is surrounded with monks, and singing psalms all day, he has no other religious professor near him but his confessor—a jolly fat priest,

who is fond of his wine and a frolic, and cordially detests the cowl and the cell. \* \* \*

"I found the prince standing near a table covered with papers; and to those who knew his amiability of manner, and the natural sweetness of his disposition, it is not necessary for me to say that I was most kindly received. He hoped that my friends and I had been well treated on our journey, as it was his wish that Englishmen should meet every accommodation and facility, because he looked upon us as friends, by whom he had been protected in the moment of difficulty; and he assured me that orders should be given to open every source of information to us, as his only desire was that the truth, and the whole truth, should be made known. He considered his claims founded in justice, and supported by the voice of the people; and as success had attended all his efforts since his arrival in the provinces, he had nothing to conceal, and our investigation would render him good, not harm; as it was only by honourable and unprejudiced men visiting his army, that the tales which had been circulated to his injury could be refuted. Don Carlos then did me the honour to remember having seen me at Madrid, and, with a quiet smile, hoped soon to repeat that pleasure. I retired as soon as the Infante ceased to speak; and he bade me farewell in a most affectionate tone, repeating that orders should be given to facilitate my views in every respect. Don Carlos wore a plain blue frock-coat; and it was his wish that every one should be presented to him without ceremony, as his good sense told him that the forms of the Madrid court would be out of place at Onate, and in the midst of a campaign. He was looking thinner than when I saw him before, and fatigue and care had evidently put furrows in his cheeks: but his countenance was, as usual, full of benevolence; and, though not a handsome man, his dark full eye gave expression to his face; and the sweetness of his voice, and the gentleness of his manners, surprised you into loving him, whatever were your opinions as to his political rights. Don Carlos's character is but little understood in England; and it is strange to find a prejudice there against him, when he possesses every quality which we prize, and consider indispensable in men of elevated station. He is just, humane, and generous; and so great a lover of truth, that he has never been known to break his word, nor to allow an equivocation in his presence. He was the only member of the royal family at Madrid who paid debts, or preserved regularity in the household. The weekly bills were paid with the same exactness as in an English family; and, while all the other inhabitants of the palace, to whom tradesmen applied in vain, indulged in dissipation, and disregarded increased expense, his system was so thoroughly maintained, that, though he left Madrid for Lisbon at a few days' notice, not a shilling remained unsettled. Don Carlos was born the legitimate heir to the throne; and the law by which the succession was changed was not enacted (supposing that it were then enacted with all necessary forms—a matter we will take for granted, to prevent discussion about it) until two years after his birth; so that he is the victim of an *ex post facto* law, and a principle has been adopted against him, which would not stand before any law-court in England, in case of an entail: and the additional cruelty in his case is, that even that *ex post facto* law was not made public for forty years after it was enacted, and until a female child was born to Ferdinand. This is what may be called a hard case, particularly as no public or private reproach could be at-

tached to the character of the person thus cut off; and if he had come to the throne, he would have been the father of his people. The truth is, Don Carlos has endangered, if not lost, his claims by an excess of principle; for had he, during the life of Ferdinand, but given one slight hint to his friends, the matter was settled in his favour. But he repeatedly declared that, while his brother lived, he was bound to obey him as a king; and he allowed the queen-regent to strengthen her position during the illness of Ferdinand: thus Don Carlos found the door closed, to which he had the key for so many years, and declined to use it.

"An heir to the throne, according to a strict entail—full of virtues—without a stain on his public or private character—an honest, moral, and a liberal man—a good husband—a good father—humane and charitable; still he is a fugitive from his proper home, hunted by those who have fed on his bounty; and he may yet fall a victim to the malice of his enemies. Let us not discuss his claims, but render justice to his principles; and, if he should succeed, let England believe that fortune has not favoured the unworthy; and, if he should fail, let him, at least, command our sympathy and esteem."

With this, we shall leave the Court of Carlos for the present, and say a little to Lieutenant Richardson; whose narrative is a simple relation of the movements of our countrymen, under General Evans, since they disembarked in Spain. We shall confine ourselves to a few leading features; which suggest much for reflection, and, we think, for shame, sorrow, and regret, that British soldiers should be so employed.

"*Limpas, Nov. 3d.*—This day has been devoted to a rest which the long march of yesterday had rendered absolutely indispensable. Yet has it not been an unimportant one—a good deal of disorganisation had, as in most situations of the sort, crept in among the soldiery, who seemed to fancy that a relaxation from discipline was, in some degree, their claim in compensation for the toils of the march. In this, however, they have been undeceived. Several men of two regiments, billeted at some distance from head-quarters, having been guilty of plunder, complaint was made to the lieutenant-general, who, on riding up to the cantonment, with a view to institute inquiry into the case, caught a party in the very act of plundering a house, the inmates of which were screaming loudly for assistance. A drum-head court-martial was instantly assembled; and, while the general rode on to the other offending regiment, the culprits were severally flogged. Returning to this corps, he addressed them in a speech not more remarkable for its fluency than its point. He said that he had never been an advocate for corporal punishment; but, as the service in which we were embarked rendered it imperative that the strictest order and discipline should be preserved, to prevent those we were come to aid as friends from looking upon us as enemies, he was determined to have recourse to it. He reminded them, that in the Peninsular war, when the Spaniards were equally our friends and allies, similar acts of aggression had been punished, by the Duke of Wellington, by instant hanging at the first tree; but, as he himself did not wish to adopt so severe and summary a measure, he would, for the present, content himself with the minor punishment they had just witnessed, until a perseverance in such gross misconduct should render it indispensable for him to award the higher."

General Evans is described as seasoning his

men, and preparing them for fighting; during the first months, avoiding the enemy, and marching by circuitous routes. The writer then goes on to argue for the desolation of the country as the only means of putting an end to the war.

"If the faction could be put down by the destruction of ten towns, its extinction would be cheaply purchased; and if, on the other hand, the existence of such towns, which are the only places of refuge for Don Carlos's army during the winter, are the means of continuing that faction, surely their immunity from harm must be considered as purchased at a fearful price, both to the government and the cause of the queen. This much appears certain, that if the army of circumvallation, about to be raised, of 100,000 men, do not take the field with us, as promised, we shall never of ourselves—that is to say, Cordova's army of 30,000 men, and our legion united—succeed in so dispersing the Carlists as to put them down, unless we burn and destroy wherever we go. No man can coolly advocate a war of extermination, under ordinary circumstances; but what mercy have these people a right to expect from us, to whom they will shew no other than the bullet or the cord? But, after all, there is not so much severity in this as at first view of the question appears; inasmuch as, before we had burned half a dozen villages, our object would be fully attained, in the secession of more than one half his force from the ranks of Don Carlos."

What horrid logic! but the actual practices are yet more shocking than the doctrine.

"*Vittoria, December 12th.*—This day (Sunday) has been remarkable for a cruel tragedy; one which will long live in the memory of the brave, although it must be admitted, lawless Chapelgorris. The facts connected with it are as follow. Some time ago a party of these latter attacked a Carlist village called *la Bastide*, in Alava, and succeeded in driving the enemy out. A priest, who was among the number of the fugitives, was shot in the act of flying with the Carlists; and the Chapelgorris, on their return to the village, plundered the church, and drank wine out of the chalice. A representation of this fact was made to the government of Madrid, with this important alteration in the true version of the story,—that the priest had been murdered in the church, and simply with a view to subsequent spoliation. *Espartaco*, the commander of the division here, was accordingly written to, and strongly censured for having suffered the commission of such an outrage. The measure he immediately took to justify himself, and punish the offenders, was fearfully summary. The whole of the Chapelgorris were this morning marched a few miles on the Miranda road, and, without being in the slightest degree aware of what was in preparation, were ordered to ascend a rising ground,—the same where the French batteries were planted which did so much execution during the advance upon Vittoria by Lord Wellington's army. Here they found a body of 6000 infantry, the horse artillery which had preceded them from Vittoria, and a considerable number of cavalry, already drawn up. Having completed the ascent, they were halted, and ordered to pile their arms, from which they were commanded to move some distance. The cavalry now rode up between the Chapelgorris and their muskets, forming a guard to these latter. Then, for the first time, the poor fellows began to form a suspicion of what was intended against them, and several moved as if to repossess themselves

of their arms; but the cavalry drove them back, and they were left helpless. Espartero, who commanded in person at this scene, now ordered that lots should be cast for decimation. The command was obeyed, and the unfortunates stood apart from their astonished and indignant comrades. The first ten of this devoted number were again selected, and these were inevitably to die. Among them was a fine young man, a Frenchman; and, as his comrades assert, a nephew of Lafitte. This youth, scarcely nineteen, was an object of general interest, both from his appearance, and the earnest manner in which he avowed his innocence of all crime that could possibly lead to such an end. But his judge was inexorable, and he was compelled to share the lot of his companions. His fate once decided, he thought only of dying as best became a brave soldier; and when told to turn his back to the firing party, he refused, saying that he was no traitor, and that he had too often faced the bullets of his enemies to fear those of his comrades now. Then, waving his cap, he tossed it in the air, and told them he was ready to die like a Frenchman. Thus have perished ten of our old San Sebastian friends.

"December 16th.—The affair of the poor Chapelgorris has been the subject of general conversation in the legion, for the last few days, and the conduct of Espartero designated as any thing but merciful. Even Jauregui himself is deeply chagrined and pained—it is said, so much so as to be obliged to keep his bed. It is a singular circumstance, that a nephew of his own, in the ranks of the Chapelgorris, stood eleventh, originally, on the list for decimation; but a yet more remarkable fact may be recorded. Among the ten who received the fatal fire, was a young man to whom Jauregui was particularly partial;—the only ball by which he was hit slightly grazed his ear or neck, sufficiently to draw blood, and he had the presence of mind to throw himself down, and continue perfectly still, as if struck by a mortal wound. Here he remained until the troops had all withdrawn, when he was removed to the quarters of Jauregui, where he is at this moment; and where the gallant El Pastor declares he shall continue unharmed and untouched. A visible change has been effected in the manner of the Chapelgorris generally. To the sprightliness and enjoyment of character, which distinguished these men from all other Spanish soldiers, has succeeded a reserve and dispiritedness, that proclaim how much, and how deeply, they have felt the tragic occurrences of Sunday last. This force has hitherto been composed of a mixture of Spaniards and foreigners; but, within the last two days, the whole of the latter, chiefly French and Italian, have been taken from the corps, and moved off, with the intention of being sent to their respective countries. This may be politic, but it will sadly lessen the efficiency of the corps, on whom great reliance has hitherto been placed:—not the less, for having these same Frenchmen and Italians of their number. Many of the Spaniards are dissatisfied with the arrangement, and, as all are volunteers who may quit the service at their pleasure, it is supposed not a few will disband themselves, and return to San Sebastian, at the first favourable opportunity. To-day I conversed with one of them, and he declared, with tears in his eyes, he would no longer remain after what had occurred. He was at the affair of La Bastide himself, and although he admits that he and his companions plundered the church, and drank

wine out of the chalice, he swears positively that the priest was killed in fair fight, and while fleeing with the Carlists,—both parties having sustained some loss in killed. He moreover asserted, and repeated his assertion, that, so far from Espartero being dissatisfied with their conduct on that day, he was the first to encourage them, by exclaiming, 'Good, Chapelgorris, good; you have behaved well.' But, added he, with strong emotion, produced by the recollection of the recent fate of his comrades,—'it is only to shield himself, and court favour with the government, that he has done this deed.'"

And the sufferings of the legion itself,—

"While on the subject of dismissals (says the author) from the service, it may not be at all *malapropos* to state, that from the moment of General Evans joining the legion in Spain, these have been of very frequent occurrence—and not more frequent than necessary. At the first formation of the legion, as might be fairly assumed, time was not afforded for that strict scrutiny into character and capability, which a few months of probation taught officers it was indispensable to possess. While at Bilbao, what was essentially bad failed not to develop itself, and found its merited recompense. Courts of inquiry and courts-martial weeded the legion of its worst subjects; and numbers were sent home—some for misconduct, and others for incapacity. Several of these had the impudence to state, on their return to England, that they had quitted the army in disgust, as not being what they had anticipated in joining it—and each, a Lilliputian general in himself! commented freely on the plans and movements of him who had dispensed with their very subordinate assistance. God knows, the army was well rid of a set of men, whose continuance in it could but have injured the cause; and some of whom, to an incompetency without parallel, in their relative positions, united a spirit of rapacity, and mercenary thirst of gain, unexampled in any service in the world. Such is the description of men, who, returning to England with disappointed interests, and gangrene in their hearts, basely seek to raise themselves from the mire into which their own misconduct has sunk them, by inveighing against the expedition, and affecting to call into question the competency of its head. Party may lend a willing ear to their statements; but impartiality and discernment—never."

"January 8th.—Vittoria is decidedly, to us, a most unhealthy place, and its air promises more destruction to the legion than the bullets of the Carlists. The climate, in every sense, appears like that of England, clear, cold, and bracing; and yet there are few of us who have not our health materially affected, since our arrival. We are, and have been, burying from six to eight men a-day for the last fortnight, and five officers have fallen victims to the epidemic. The general complaint is the unhealthy and uncomfortable state of the hospitals, and the Spanish authorities are unwilling to afford any assistance to render them better, or in any way ameliorate the sufferings of the poor English soldier. The difference is striking in the hospitals,—each Spaniard has a comfortable bed, while, in many cases, the English have none whatever. Things are said to have been better managed in Portugal under Mr. Alcock, who is second in rank of the medical department here. Instances have occurred of the men creeping into corners of the cold convent, where they were quartered, and having actually been drawn out dead. In one of these churches where my regiment is quartered, no less than

from thirty to forty men a-day have been sent into hospital; these poor fellows had one bed, about the width of a sofa, to every five men.

"Feb. 30.—A long hiatus in my journal: thank God, it is not an eternal one. I am just recovering from typhus fever, which has continued to rage through Vittoria with increased violence. We have lost upwards of 700 men and forty officers, exclusive of those who have died elsewhere, since Christmas. Death has ceased to be looked upon as an extraordinary visitor; and the common question among officers is,—'who is dead to-day?'"

"Billeting is confined solely to the officers of the legion. Unlike the Spanish troops, who are completely housed, the men, while here, were put into convents, damp, impure, and unhealthy; and two regiments (the 2d and 5th, since broken up for their weakness) had no other place whereon to lay their wearied bones, than the damp cold stones of a church, which has literally destroyed them. The effects were not immediately felt, but they failed not to develop themselves at the proper season. The hospitals were filled with these unfortunate fellows; and the other day, the 2d regiment, admittedly the finest in the service while at Bilbao, could not muster 150 men on parade. The Spanish authorities, moreover, instead of seeking to ameliorate the condition of these men, by furnishing beds and blankets, threw every obstacle in their way:—and through them principally, I have no hesitation in stating, the legion is not what it might have been expected. To crown all, there has been no pay for months, and even the rations have been very irregularly issued."

"March 5th.—Sad changes in the Legion during my illness; the 2d and 5th regiments have been broken up, and the officers and men transferred to other corps;—all in consequence of their having been infamously billeted in a cold church, in the midst of winter. These regiments formed one brigade, and were the only unfortunates so quartered."

The account of the late attack on the Carlists' lines before St. Sebastian, contains the following miserable details:—

"The enemy's lines were three in number, most formidably built, and otherwise defended by some heavy artillery, discovered only the day before. In a few minutes they were apprised of our advance, and showers of grape and canister were vomited upon the main road leading to the position. Soon after this the guns of the castle began to open, but these were fired so slowly and badly as to afford us very little assistance. In a quarter of an hour the light brigade came into view of the strongest part of the enemy's lines, whence an annihilating fire of musketry, supported in the centre by a formidable battery of cannon, was directed upon us. But this did not stay the onward progress of the men. Although exposed to a most galling fusillade, the bullets flying literally like hail, they drew not a trigger, but advanced determinedly with fixed bayonets across the plain, uttering loud cries as they doubled through it. Five hundred yards brought us to some houses occupied by the enemy, from which they were speedily driven, our men instantly possessing themselves of them. From these houses the fire of the enemy was returned by some Chapelgorris, while the 3d and 6th advanced to storm the line; but no sooner had these latter emerged from the cover of the houses, forming in column of attack, than a shower of musketry and grape was poured in upon them. In defiance of this they moved on, the men falling in every direction.



But human courage could not withstand the galling fire of our invisible foe, especially as there was no breach through which we could enter, and as not a shot was returned. The men, therefore, retired under cover of the houses we had taken. Close to these houses was a parapet, intersecting the road, and partially broken down to admit of the passage of the column. On this parapet, the lieutenant-general, who had come to us from the 2d division, which had likewise failed in its attempt at an impression, immediately ascended, and exposing himself to the hail-storm of the enemy, called upon the men to advance, and, if necessary, die like Englishmen. But although he set the example of the contempt of danger he sought to inspire, the troops had no sooner uncovered themselves to the deadly fire of the enemy, than they again experienced a check. Meanwhile, the Phoenix and Salamander, English steamers, had arrived in the harbour from Santander, the latter bringing with her the reserve, consisting of the majority of the 4th and 8th regiments. These were instantly landed, and marched up the heights, and a heavy cannonade of mortars opened from the Phoenix upon the enemy's battery, on the left of their position, which the 1st brigade, consisting chiefly of the 1st regiment, had attempted, ineffectually, to carry. Beautiful, indeed, was the direction of this artillery. The shells were fired with such precision, that they passed successively over the heads of our troops, and fell into the enemy's trenches. By their instrumentality a breach was effected, and the 4th and 8th (reserve) coming up, the left of the position was stormed and gained. The Carlists, thunderstruck, saw that the day was lost, and sought safety in flight; but no mercy was shewn them, for they had savagely bayoneted several wounded officers and men in the early repulses. Numbers fell beneath the steel of the enraged assailants, burning for revenge; and not a Carlist who could be reached, lived to recount to his comrades, that the English auxiliaries, in imitation of the example set by themselves, give no quarter."

This is dreadful work for English troops, but not so disgusting as their life-hunting employment in the following tragedy.

"A serious and important discovery has just been made. Desertions have latterly been numerous; and the men deserting have, as I before remarked, been compelled by the enemy to put letters in the post-office through the medium of peasantry, or have them personally conveyed through these latter. A serjeant Richardson, who had deserted, sent in a letter to his nephew, who was then sick in hospital, urging him to join the Carlist ranks. This man, whose name was Nangles, immediately communicated the contents of the letter to Captain Byrne, paymaster of the 7th, who at once acted on the information. As the letter stated, that a certain baker of the place (Jose d'Elozegui) would afford the necessary assistance, to him the soldier was enjoined to go. The baker at first hesitated, but when he saw the post-mark, and the writing of the serjeant, whom he had known, he at once avowed himself an agent of Don Carlos, and offered his services. The man, as previously instructed, said that a serjeant and several soldiers of his regiment were anxious to desert also, and a night was fixed for their departure. On the night in question, Captain Byrne, who had previously communicated with Colonel Considine, repaired to Don Jose's house, disguised as a serjeant, and accompanied by several men. A spy had been previously provided, who was to

act as guide, and conduct the party to the headquarters of the enemy—Don Jose promising to give a letter of introduction to Villa Real. The letter, however, he contrived to withhold, from some motive—perhaps of prudence—and Captain Byrne set out, with his party, from Don Jose's house, without. At the gate leading out of the town, Captain Byrne and his companions seized the spy, and handed him over to the guard; then, hastening to Colonel Considine, and acquainting him with what he had done, they both repaired to the house of the traitor Elozegui, and instantly secured and confined him. He is this day to be tried before a Spanish tribunal, when it is hoped he will suffer death. \* \* \* It has now been ascertained beyond question, for an analysis has taken place, that the bread, issued by the scoundrel, has been adulterated with prickly rye—which accidentally occasioned the deaths of so many families in France a few years back—and that the *aguardiente* had in it a mixture of white lead. My leave having been obtained for England, I had thought of setting off to-morrow; but though no advocate for these things, I would willingly see the fellow suffer."

"The execution of the traitors took place in the open space of Vittoria, which adjoins the Plaza. The platform was constructed a few yards from the public fountain, and the flank companies of the legion were drawn up to witness the punishment. The ground was kept by a regiment of our lancers. I had intended to break through a rule, and be present, but was detained at General Espartero's, whither I had gone to get my passport signed, until it was too late. When I returned to the Plaza, the men were dead, seated as before described; but their countenances wore no other indication of death than what was afforded by their paleness: they looked more like men suffering punishment in the pillory. Their bodies remained an hour in that position, for the crowd to gaze at, and were then taken down by the executioner (a smart little fellow, dressed in black), and placed in shells. From all I can learn, the criminals met their fate sullenly, but without fear. The baker died first; once, as the spy ascended, he cast his eye towards the dead body of his companion, and it assumed an expression of savage wildness,—but the confessor interposed himself quickly before the trying sight, and it again disappeared. There was a good deal of cheering from the Spanish soldiers, and the assembled multitude, as each traitor ascended the platform. The men of the legion cheered also, but not so much."

We will say nothing of Lieut. Richardson's ungallant exposure of Mrs. Wilkinson, but that it is as unlike a British officer as entrapping a baker and having him strangled; and will close this painful review, by a notice of a trick of a lively character.

"*En passant*, I cannot omit a good joke on the part of these same Carlists. Aware of the English mania for turkeys at Christmas, many of the peasants had fattened numbers, for the purpose of bringing them into the Vittoria market. The Carlists watched the preparation, and saw the turkeys fatten, with no inconsiderable satisfaction. Two days before Christmas, they were collected together in flocks, and already on the move, when the facetious Carlists interposed. 'No,' said they, 'these turkeys stop with us; the English may be fond of them, but we no less so: with your permission, we will make our dinner of them instead.' And thus we lost our turkeys."

*The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw; or, Scenes on the Mississippi.* By Frances Trollope, author of "Paris and the Parisians," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Bentley.

THERE is much talent and great feeling in these volumes, but we doubt whether the subject on which they are exercised be well calculated for the English reader. The abuses of the slave system scarcely come home to ourselves. Mrs. Trollope is undeniably a clever woman, with a quick eye for observation, and a smart, keep-moving style of narrative. Her great fault is exaggeration; hence her humour is often coarse, and her effects strained. What, for example, can be more preposterous than the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an English merchant committing suicide, because she finds that, some three generations back, she is of African descent? The suicide itself, with its attitudes and flowers, is in the worst possible French taste. By the by, authors now-a-days find old women as dangerous as the rest of the world do young ones. Scott,

"Tasting, has robbed the whole tree"

of elderly gentlemen. There is a sort of negro Meg Merrilies in these pages—a most unfortunate improbability and caricature. As to the hero, he is disgusting—sunk below the vilest level of humanity. But Mrs. Trollope seems to have decided that nothing "good can come out of Galilee," *alias* America. She goes "the whole hog" of illiberal prejudice. The best parts of these pages are their amusing points, and from them we select, first, an American child.

"Early in the month of August 18—, one of the noblest and largest steam-boats ever launched on the Mississippi was seen to bend gracefully round the projecting swell of the bank below Mohana Creek, and approach the landing-place in front of the store. Young Whitlaw was occupied, at the moment she came in sight, in poking a long pole into a hole in the bank, in which he fancied he should find some 'crocodile's eggs.' Struck by her splendid appearance, he left his employment, and placing himself at his accustomed post on the edge of the platform, impatiently awaited her arrival. Before the steam had been let off, or the paddles ceased to play, the impatient boy determined to spring on board, and trusting to his pole, which he fixed, as he thought, firmly on the platform, he attempted to swing himself into the vessel—a distance of at least twelve feet. So active and well practised were his young limbs, that it is probable he would have succeeded, had not the slippery log on which he had placed his pole permitted it to give way, at the very moment its firmness was most essential to his safety, and the instant it sank from his hand, the adventurous child fell headlong into the water. Above two hundred persons saw the accident; and the boy's greatest danger now arose from the variety and eagerness of the measures put in practice to save him. But it appeared that the little fellow never lost his presence of mind for a moment; for, without paying the slightest attention to the contradictory cries of 'Hold fast to this rope' from one quarter, and 'Catch by this tub' from another, the bold boy, who swam like an otter, deliberately turned from the dangerous projection of the gallery, and marking the moment when the open gangway approached, sprang upwards, seized its railing, and in an instant stood unharmed on board the boat. That awful peculiarity of the Mississippi river, which causes it to bear away whatever sinks beneath



its surface, beyond the reach and power of the most skillful search that would recover it, is so well known to every inhabitant of the region, that the sight of a human being falling into its fatal wave creates a much stronger sensation than any similar accident would do elsewhere. Young Whitlaw, therefore, was instantly surrounded by a crowd of anxious and friendly faces. 'A pretty considerable escape you've had, my boy!' exclaimed one. 'Your fate is not drowning, at any rate, you young devil,' cried another. 'A famous swimmer you are, and that's a fact, boy,' observed a third. 'And a bold heart as ever I see,' observed a fourth. 'Are you not wet to the skin, my poor fellow?' inquired a kind-hearted gentleman, shuddering sympathetically. 'And what does it signify if I be?' replied the boy, with an accent which implied more scorn than gratitude. 'But, I say,' he continued, fixing his eyes on a very handsome rifle which the compassionate gentleman held in his hand, 'what will you sell that there rifle for?' The offended philanthropist turned away, muttering 'Impudent young varment!' or some such phrase, while a chorus of laughter from those around testified the general feeling of admiration excited by the dauntless spirits of the saucy boy.

An American love letter:—

"To Mr. Croft, merchant, of Liverpool.

"Mr. Croft.—Sir,—I guess that by this, your dreadful beautiful daughter, as well as yourself, must become to a pretty considerable good notion of what I am after. The estate at Nixton is all very well, and I wouldn't have any objection to buy it; and as to the price, I find there'd be no matter of difficulty about the needful. Mount Etna is a profitable bit too. But after all, Mr. Croft, what is either estate in consequence compared to the real business in hand between us? I expect I must explain myself, because 'tis in rule so to do; though I don't doubt in the least that the beautiful eyes, as have made such work with my heart, have been clear-sighted enough to spy out what they have done. The short and the long of it is, then, that I'm in love with your daughter, Mr. Croft, and that I hereby make a proposal to marry her. One good reason why this match is likely enough to be agreeable to all parties is, that we are both of us only children; which makes the business, as you will allow, a deal more plain-sailing. For, who could Mr. Whitlaw of Mount Etna be after leaving all his property to?—and he has not that little to make it a flea-bite. And who could you, Mr. Croft, devise yours to—which, I don't question, is pretty considerable also—except to us two? So that's plain enough. As to the article of residence, I'm a right down good American, that's a fact: nevertheless, I would be no ways particular as to accompanying my wife to England for a spell; and some of our young family might be left to cheer your old age, Mr. Croft, if you wished it, sir. In short, I take it upon myself to assure you that in all things we shall be ready and willing to do what's most agreeable to you. As to money down, I guess that the best way will be not to meddle or make with the Nixton estate at all, but just let that come straight at once to my wife, which I shall consider like one and the same as ready cash; and I understand that you couldn't be well off doing that, seeing that it comes by the young lady's mother, and ought, therefore, as matter of course and justice, to go to her child. There is but one other point, I expect, that need be mentioned at present; but that's one on which I don't think I should be over easy to change, and, therefore, it ought by rights to be done

settled at first starting. Whenever my wife and I goes over to the old country, I never will suffer nor permit any of my niggers to go across with us, for I know from good authority what comes of it: they gets free as soon as they touches that queer old place, and devil a bit should I ever get 'em back again to Louisiana. Not doubting that all I propose will be counted reasonable and handsome, I remain, honoured sir, your friend and son (as would be),

"JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW.

"P.S. As I don't see any reason for wishing for delay, I shall be ready to perform my part of the happy ceremony at the shortest notice.

"To Mr. John Croft."

*A Planter's Wife and Drawing-room.*—"He was ushered with a vast deal of creole pomp into a splendid drawing-room, the furniture of which was no bad specimen of Parisian elegance. The walls of the room were half covered with enormous mirrors; marble tables, of all sorts and sizes, displayed a large collection of Sèvres china; ottomans, sofas, and bergères, were invitingly placed in all parts of the spacious room; and the atmosphere was deliciously scented by tuberose, orange-flowers, and jessamines. The light and heat of the day, which was extremely sultry, was only permitted to enter through coloured canvass blinds continually sprinkled with water on the outside, and stretched over an ample balcony filled with the finest flowers. On first entering this elegant apartment, Whitlaw believed it to be quite untenanted; and that deep-seated reverence for wealth, which had ever been a strong feature in his character, caused him to look round it with a feeling of respect that almost led him to prostrate himself in a salam upon the delicately tinted matting which covered the floor. It was not till the second and more leisurely survey which he took of its enviable splendour, that he perceived a very young, little, round, pale, black-eyed woman sunk deep into a kangaroo-chair, with one of her little feet dangling from it, and the toe of the other supported on the shoulder of a young negro boy, fantastically dressed, who sat on the floor before her. She was placed in the corner of the room, and a large orange-tree covered with blossoms so arranged as to form a sort of canopy over her. Her attitude was one that might have rendered rising difficult to any woman, but to a creole it was impossible. She therefore clapped her miniature white hands together; and though the sound produced was scarcely louder than what might have followed a similar concussion between two little balls of cotton, it was heard and obeyed by another black fairy in the dress of an oriental page, turbaned and trousered in delicate white muslin, with a tiny vest of yellow satin, belted with gold. She murmured something into the child's ear, who immediately took an ivory fan from off a table, and, approaching Whitlaw, presented one end of it to him, and so led him forwards towards his mistress, it being contrary to creole etiquette that a white skin should touch the hand of a negro. At the distance of about two yards from the living but apparently immovable footstool, the well-tutored little usher stopped, and, withdrawing the fan from the hand of the stranger, stood ready to execute the next order she should receive, whether it were to advance a *fautueil* for his service, or to lead him back to the door by which he entered. The little beauty, from amidst her flowing, floating, very loose, and very thin white drapery, looked out and up to the handsome face of our tall hero, and the signal for the *fautueil* was given, but so slightly and so silently that it escaped the

senses of Whitlaw. He understood, however, that the chair was intended for him, and he took possession of it with, perhaps, more satisfaction than grace. 'I have a letter, madam,' he began, seeking for his credentials as they spoke—'a letter to Mr. Bobbin from my friend, Colonel Dart. Will you be pleased to receive it for him, madam?' 'Yes, sir, you may give it to me;' and the little white hand was extended, or rather raised, about two inches from the lap on which it rested. It was rather instinct than politeness which made Whitlaw start forward to place the letter between the delicate fingers prepared to receive it; and in doing it he bent his head so low, that the lady's other hand, which rested in a languid, drooping attitude against the side of her high chair, while her shoulder supported her head, passed over his curls with very little effort, and she said, 'How your hair curls!—Where do you come from?' 'From Natchez, madam.' 'Natchez!—are all the men handsome there?' 'Not all, I expect, madam.' The little lady laughed immoderately. 'Oh, you expect!—that's charming!—Do sing Yankee Doodle for me, will you? You are so very handsome, that I am quite sure you must be good-natured.' 'I should be very happy to do any thing that could please you, madam,' replied Whitlaw, who, though half affronted at her request, or rather at the manner of it, was enchanted both with her beauty and her compliments,—'any thing that I could do; but I'm not capable to sing, for I don't know how.' 'Oh, what a pity! you would look so handsome when you are singing! You don't know that I am Mr. Bobbin's lady? Do I look old enough to be married?' 'You look like an angel, madam!' was Whitlaw's gallant reply. Again a fit of violent but very soft-toned laughter waved the light drapery which hung like a transparent cloud about the beauty; but, suddenly checking herself, she addressed the little automaton at her feet, in a voice that was as sharp as she could contrive to render her languid tones. 'Tu as bougé, Pompey!—tu auras le fouet.' Then, raising her eyes again to Whitlaw, she said, 'Do you love orange-flowers?' 'I am sure I shall always love them in future,' said Whitlaw, directing his eyes to the beautiful blossoms that seemed ready to drop upon her pretty head, 'for they will always remind me of you.' She again clapped her little hands, and her negro page entered as before, when she again whispered to him, and the child disappeared through the open window into the balcony, from whence he quickly returned with his dingy hands filled with delicate orange-blossoms. The fair lady made a sign to the child, who was advancing to her with them, saying, 'A lui, bête!' Whitlaw, however, put his hands behind him as the page drew near, exclaiming, 'No! madam, no!—from no hand but your own, and least of all from a nigger's; but if you'll be pleased to give them to me, I'll keep them for ever, by God!' As if it were her doom upon the present occasion to 'laugh loud laughs three,' the youthful mistress of the mansion again gave way to mirth, but soon recovered herself, and said, very obligingly, 'Well, then, Olinda must give them to you herself, I suppose. Come here!' Whitlaw drew near with unfeigned satisfaction, and, as if inspired by the occasion, actually knelt down beside the footstool negro. Olinda looked at him very complacently, and either smelling or kissing the flowers she had received from her page, or both, she placed some of them in his hand, and threw the rest in his face, saying, 'There,

then!—now you may go; I will give my husband the letter, and perhaps he will ask you to dinner,—I hope he will. Adieu!" And she waved him off with the childish air of a little girl playing queen. In truth, the pretty Olinda was still a child in age; and such, if report say true, are the childish ways of some of the little ladies of New Orleans."

There is a great deal of "battle, murder, and sudden death;" but, from the exaggeration to which we have before alluded, they give us a shock rather than sympathy. Pity and disgust should be kept carefully apart; and, above all, never let a doubt intrude. Now the persuasion is steadfast in our minds, that Mrs. Trollope takes care that her salt shall not lose its savour when applying it to the use of the Americans. Of the engravings, the pathetic and graceful are rather failures; but there is so much reality and humour in the more comic sketches, that they alone are enough to recommend these volumes to general circulation.

*Beauty: illustrated chiefly by an Analysis and Classification of Beauty in Woman.* By Alexander Walker, Author of "Physiognomy founded on Physiology," "The Nervous System," &c. Illustrated by Drawings from Life, by Henry Howard, Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy; drawn on stone, by M. Gaudi and R. J. Lane, A.R.A. 8vo. pp. 395. London, 1836. Effingham Wilson.

If ever writer chose an attractive theme, Mr. Walker is certainly that writer. "There is, perhaps, no subject," he observes, in his Introduction, "more universally or more deeply interesting than that which is the chief subject of the present work. Yet no book, even pretending to science or accuracy, has hitherto appeared upon it. The forms and proportions of animals—as of the horse and of the dog, have been examined in a hundred volumes. Not one has been devoted to woman, on whose physical and moral qualities the happiness of individuals and the perpetual improvement of the human race are dependent. The cause of this has been, probably, the neglect, on the part of individuals, to combine anatomical and physiological knowledge with the critical observation of the external forms of woman; and, perhaps, some repugnance to anthropological knowledge on the part of the public. The last obstacle, if ever it existed, is now gone by, as many circumstances shew; and it will be the business of the author, in this work, to endeavour to obviate the former. The present work, besides giving new views of the theory of beauty, and of its application to the arts, presents an analysis and classification of beauty in woman. A subsequent work will apply the principles here established to intermarriages and crossings among mankind, and will explain their results in relation to the happiness of individuals, and to the beauty and the freedom from insanity of their offspring. A final work will examine the relations of woman in society, will expose the extravagant hypotheses of writers on this subject who have been ignorant of anthropology, and will describe the reforms which the common interests of mankind demand in this respect."

The earlier chapters of the volume are devoted, principally, to disquisitions on the nature of beauty generally; on the standard of taste in beauty; on the elements of beauty—in inanimate beings, in living beings, in thinking beings; on the elements of beauty as employed in objects of art; on the beauty of useful, of ornamental, and of intellectual objects.

"I have shewn," says Mr. Walker, in the conclusion of this part of his work, "that there exist elements of beauty equally invariable in themselves, and in the kind of effect they produce upon the mind; that these elements are modified, varied, and complicated, as we advance from the most simple to the most complex class of natural beings, or of the arts which relate to these respectively; that the elements of beauty in inanimate beings consist in the simplicity, regularity, uniformity, proportion, order, &c., of those geometrical forms which are so intimately connected with mere existence; that the elements of beauty in living beings, consist in adding to the preceding the delicacy, bending, variety, contrast, &c., which are connected with growth and reproduction; that the elements of beauty in thinking beings consist in adding to the preceding the symmetry, proportion, &c., which are connected with fitness for sense, thought, and motion; that the elements of beauty in the objects of useful art, consist in the same simplicity, regularity, uniformity, proportion, order, &c., of geometrical forms which belong to inanimate beings; that the elements of beauty in the objects of ornamental art consist in the same delicacy, bending, variety, contrast, &c., which belong to living beings; and that the elements of beauty in the objects of intellectual art consist in thinking forms, in gesture, sculpture, and painting, or in functions of mind actually exercised, in oratory, poetry, and music."

The author then proceeds to the main object which he has in view; namely, to treat of the causes and the standard of beauty in woman. He divides female beauty into three species,—the beauty of the locomotive system, the beauty of the nutritive or vital system, and the beauty of the thinking system; and describes the peculiar qualities which distinguish each. The subject is a delicate one. It would be impossible (especially in the absence of all graphic illustrations) to render it intelligible without quotations, the length of which is not our only reason for preferring to refer our readers to the volume itself, in which they will find a vast fund of original, profound, acute, curious, and amusing observation; highly interesting to all, but especially to the connoisseur and the artist.

Chapters on the Greek Ideal Beauty, on the Ideal of Female Beauty, and on the Defects of Beauty, conclude the work.

The plates are twenty-two in number. Some of them are rather severely criticised by Mr. Walker himself.

How is it that a man of the author's evident taste and judgment could permit himself to deform his book by the occasional introduction of politics?

*Jerningham; or, the Inconsistent Man.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE is much talent in these pages, and evidence of a graceful and cultivated mind, though deficient in the dramatic power so essential to narrative. The most marked feature is the attempt to develop a character like Shelley's,—it is done with good feeling, and a fine poetical taste; but it wants vitality. Delaval is the male prototype of the Bohemian, so forcibly drawn by the author of "Gilbert Earle," who corrupts her once lover's child, in revenge on its false father. But, in these pages, the power is wanting to work out the terrible revealings of such a design. Many of the characters are introduced with much knowledge of human nature; and, though he fails in the acting, our author reads his parts well, wit-

ness the Sinclair family:—"Everard Sinclair was the second son of a wealthy country gentleman in—shire. He was the youngest, also, and his mother was dead. He was just fourteen years of age. He had been hitherto educated at home, or, rather, he had educated himself; for Mr. Sinclair was one of those people—and there are many such—who despise in others all those qualities which they have not in themselves. He was an egotist, disgustingly inflated with all that hard-featured intolerance which is peculiar, not to the wise, but to the ignorant. In the fulness of his self-sufficiency, he declared, that 'he put no stress upon ornamental accomplishments, provided that his sons were on the high road to become useful members of society.' By useful, Mr. Sinclair meant wealthy; he considered himself eminently useful. He gave employment to a number of individuals, and regarded himself as a philanthropist upon a large scale. It was the utmost of this gentleman's ambition, that his sons should resemble himself; he desired not that they should be one degree better, and did not well see how they could be. He was the very incarnation of self-complacency; he had not himself been 'drilled into the kick-shaws of a classical education. He had done well enough without Latin, and why should not his sons do the same? He did not intend them for school-masters, nor parsons either, for the matter of that. Thank God, he could provide for them more respectably. Education was a good enough thing for people obliged to live by their wits; for his part, he had never felt the want of it: he had got on much better than his neighbours, and was very well to do in the world.' And, thus reasoning with himself, he set the seal upon the ruin of his sons. Admirable Mr. Sinclair! Thou would'st have made brutes of us all. Mr. Sinclair, like most other people, did one sensible thing in his life. He married a sensible woman, and astonished the whole country. Every body marvelled at the match: they marvelled from two separate causes; firstly, that the ignorant Mr. Sinclair should have proposed to the accomplished Miss Kenyon; and, secondly, that the accomplished Miss Kenyon should have accepted the ignorant Mr. Sinclair. But Miss Kenyon's parents were poor, and Miss Kenyon herself was obedient. A young lady cannot always marry the person she likes best. Besides, she was of a charitable nature, and did not think so badly as others did of the gentleman who was destined to be her husband. He had many good qualities of heart, though he was rough in his manners, and sometimes savage in his behaviour. Allowances must be made: he had been improperly educated; he had not received the same advantages as other men. His mind was untoured; but it was not deficient in capacity. He might improve. Then vanity stepped in, and mounted upon the shoulders of charity. She might correct him; he was prejudiced against learning, and altogether unambitious of improvement; but her example and her persuasions might convert him. There were many instances on record of a good wife being the salvation of a bad husband. She was rather pleased when she reflected upon this: she would regenerate Mr. Sinclair; she would cultivate his intellect; she would mould him to her will; she did not despair of his redemption. All this would have been well enough, if the event had in any way accorded with the anticipations of this amiable casuist. But it was not so: Miss Kenyon and Mrs. Sinclair were two very different people. She had altogether

misculated her strength; the husband was obstinately phlegmatic, though the lover had been docile as a child. They were married; a son was born unto them—an heir to the Sinclair estates. He was a giant, a young Titan; and Mr. Sinclair was proud of the monster. As the boy grew up, he exhibited, fortunately for himself, a remarkable passion for all agricultural affairs. He did not cultivate his mind, but he cultivated the paternal estate. He was a prodigy of strength, an infant Hercules; and Mr. Sinclair gave to the boy. Happy father, indeed, to be blessed with such an excellent son! A second boy was born unto them, Everard,—delicate in body, but vigorous in mind; the darling of his mother; the aversion of Mr. Sinclair; the very antipodes of his elder brother, Charles. His intellect was rapid in its development; it expanded like a beautiful flower, cherished by water from the fountain of a mother's inexhaustible love. He advanced in years; he ceased to be a child; but still he was the good genius of the house. He was the gentlest, the kindest, the most forgiving of God's creatures. He was full of patience, fortitude, and love. Do what you would to him, you could not offend him. He had no thought for himself; he would have kissed the hand that smote him, and blessed the most bitter of his enemies. But, upon Mr. Sinclair, all these endearing qualities were, unfortunately, entirely thrown away. This worthy man regarded poor Everard, to use his own expression, as a 'born natural.' The gentleness of the child's disposition was particularly offensive to Mr. Sinclair. His endurance was called 'want of spirit'; his kindness was 'nothing but hypocrisy'; his charity and affection were 'sickly sentimentalities'; his desire of knowledge, and his consequent studiousness, were interpreted into physical indolence. 'In short,' said Mr. Sinclair, 'I disown him; he is no son of mine; I detest him. He will disgrace both himself and his family; he has not a day's work in him; he does not know barley from oats, and says that Virgil was a farmer. He is fit for nothing but a poor scholar. His milky face and his soft speeches turn me sick. He has never said a d—n me' in his life.'

That last sentence is a climax. Several of the conversations are written in a pleasant and thoughtful vein; but the writer has in him more of the essayist than the novelist.

*The Gossip's Week.* By the Author of "Slight Reminiscences." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

THESE are two very delightful volumes, full of the poetical and the picturesque. The most characteristic description would be to call them Claude Lorraine's landscapes freely translated into words. With the exception of "Janet Hamilton," the scene of these stories is laid abroad, and the site of each is invested with all the soft lights and shadows of associations coloured by the imagination—the imagination which is but the pure bright atmosphere of truth. The great charm in these pages is their fresh and enthusiastic feeling, added to great dramatic simplicity of narrative; and the scenes stand out before us. We must let a few extracts from "the King's Daughter" justify our praise:—a prince's arrival in a lonely village, and the heroine's appearance.

"I have said that all ran out to see the procession, and, of course, Giulietta with the rest: in a moment she was perched on the top of a wall, and stood clinging to a broken column with the shape and air of one of those exquisite nymphs of antiquity who visited poets in their

dreams, and coquetted with the pagan divinities. It chanced to be a holiday, and the green net with its golden tracery was placed somewhat upon one side of the head, while a few fresh vine-leaves were twisted among the long black tresses that fell negligently from beneath it. Every one who has visited Italy knows that there is no lack of finery in the holiday-dress of an Italian peasant, nor of taste either. Giulietta's black velvet bodice was as fine as gold and silver thread, and Gioconda's handy-work, could make it: no girl, far or near, wore such fresh and fine white sleeves, nor such ample bows on her shoulders: the short scarlet petticoat, too, was magnificently bordered round with stripes of many colours, and the narrow white silk apron richly fringed:—all, in short, to the very shoe-strings, was as effective as the curate's indulgence, Gioconda's industry, and Giulietta's taste, could make it. Just as the carriage in which the court-ladies were placed came opposite to the wall where Giulietta had perched herself, some trifling accident impeded the procession. The fine vehicle drew up close to her, and while she admired the ladies, and the horses, and the liveries, and had not eyes enough for all, the high dames were calling to their cavaliers, and pointing their attention to the beautiful peasant, who held fast by her column, and little knew what fine things were said of her by the Glorianas of the drawing-room. Not so Gioconda, who, mounted upon a stone at the bottom of the wall, soon saw which way the eyes were turned, and tried to make known the same, by winks, nods, hems, coughs, and other signs of acknowledged significance. At length, Giulietta comprehended what Gioconda had long laboured to make her sensible of, and perceived, to her utter dismay, that all the bright eyes and co-operating glasses were turned upon her. In a moment her face, throat, bosom, were covered with blushes. She imagined herself an object of derision; and suddenly springing backwards from a height which would have startled some of the gay equestrians who bent their bold gaze upon her, dashed, like an Atalanta, through the bushes, and never took breath till she found herself safely lodged within the paternal shelter of the curate's arm-chair. It was a moment of wounded pride,—of mortification such as a sensitive mind feels when suspicious of being an object of ridicule; the sting is poignant, the venom humiliating: but in young minds—perhaps, I should rather say, in young vanities—there is a healthful property, that heals by the first intention. Long before Gioconda had returned home, probably before she had missed Giulietta, the light-hearted maiden was sitting by the well-side in the small garden which she called her own, and out-singing the little birds, who were used to her music and never heeded it, except when they grew ambitious, and, stretching their pretty throats, would faintly emulate the liquid melody of her full and sweetly cadenced notes. This well was her darling spot. Four pillars supported its roof of vines; four healthy plants, of deep-green leaves and bright tube-like blossoms, grew up from their base, and flung their lavish garlands from one to the other. The rock behind was matted with the close foliage and graceful flowers of the caper, the open spaces bordered with low-growing things, sweet of hue and scent, that seemed worked into the earth; roses grew high and wild wherever they found support, and so did the large white convolvulus that bound their sweet boughs together. The well itself was of antique form and hoary colouring; water-plants had grown upon its sur-

face, and lichens curiously figured the gray stone and its rude sculptures; and, as one sat upon the rustic seat beside it, a verdant pergola, freshly carpeted with a narrow stripe of grass, led the eye through its close vista to two quaint flower-knots, thick set with sweets, and rich in bloom and fragrance."

The story is touchingly and sweetly told; but we must come to the close. After a long absence, the young prince returns again to seek his beloved.

"It was on a bright and balmy evening, when nature held high festival, when the woods still rang with the exulting song of the birds, and the flowers which had budded the day before spread out the rich exuberance of their full-blown beauty, that a cavalcade was seen through the broad-leaved chestnuts descending the Italian side of the Alps, holding their way gaily, sometimes with unsafe speed, at others with enforced, but ill-brooked caution, along one of those winding roads which the labour of man has shaped and convolved, as if in opposition to the divine negligence of nature. On they came like gallant hunters, leaving their courtly equipages far behind; the sun shining above their heads, and the ground mantling into beauty beneath their feet, as they left the cold north behind them and came down into the sunny Eden of Italy. \* \* \* Rudolphe took off his hunter's cap, and, holding it as a screen against the long rays of the setting sun, looked into the distance. The duke looked forward too, but thoughtfully: in the young mind, hope and certainty are one; but the old know the interval which separates them, and dread it. \* \* \*

"It was already evening, and the amber clouds had turned to gray, when the well-known porch, with its thick roof of jessamine, and its tracery of leaves and tendrils embedded into the slight pilasters, appeared before the travellers. But there were red streaks yet in the west; and the light emitted from them played on the casements of the cottage, giving it the air of being gaily illuminated. Our cavaliers entered—first the curate's study: it was vacant. Then the small parlour, which Giulietta used to call her own: the window was open; there was some unfinished work upon a table, and some fresh-gathered flowers, but nothing living. 'They have walked out,' said Rudolphe; 'the evening is so beautiful.' 'Doubtless,' said the duke. 'And yet at such a moment—but I hear a sound; there are voices in the garden chamber.' 'Voices?' repeated Rudolphe, advancing rapidly. 'Thank God! I did not like this stillness, this sullen welcome.' 'It is the priest,' said the duke: 'he repeats his breviary.' The impatient Rudolphe advanced a step beyond his uncle, and, pushing open the door, entered. \* \* \*

"She was there, Giulietta—or what had once been her; for the beautiful soul was gone! There, pure and pale as monumental marble, and cold as death, her long hair parted on her calm, fair forehead, her hands gently clasped, and in her bosom some violets still fresh, gathered by herself an hour or two before, when she talked of that morrow—never to come for her! There she lay, the old priest reading from a book of prayers, while tears rolled slowly through the channels which time and sorrow had furrowed in his cheeks—it is dreadful to see the aged weep; and beside the bed sat Gioconda, her head buried in her knees, her hands clenched across her forehead, in the attitude of utter desolation; while more distant, as if afraid to intrude on grief more sacred than their own, were Giacomo Pozzi and his sick



mother—the woman on her knees, and the son with his face pressed against the window, weeping bitterly. ‘So soon!’ exclaimed the priest, as the door opened. ‘Good sirs!’—‘be comforted,’ he would have said, but the words stuck in his throat; and, losing all command, he sobbed aloud. It needed but a sound to unlock the sluices of Gioconda’s grief; she started up, her white hair, from which, in her first despair, she had torn the head-cloths, hanging on her shoulders. ‘Lord have mercy on us!’ she cried, ‘what a sight is this! But she cannot be dead—a moment since she spoke to me. Dead!—Giulietta dead! O no! she is too young to die. I said it was but a trance; I knew it. I told the father so; but he is old and fearful. See how he weeps!—but how silent you are all! Speak to me, my child, my Giulietta!’ and then, in a whispering tone, ‘Rudolphe is come—the prince is here; give him thy hand. O God! how cold it is!’”

The wood-cuts which adorn the work have as much grace and poetry as the tales they illustrate—there are some delicious things among them: a girl reading in a window, a cavalier seated in deep meditation, and a figure bowed down in affliction, might take their place even among Flaxman’s spirited and imaginative creations. We can only say, in conclusion, that our “Gossip’s Week” is one of the most charming we have past for a long, —a very long while.

*Mrs. Armytage; or, Female Domination.* By the Authoress of “Mothers and Daughters.” 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Colburn.

MRS. GORE is certainly one of the most brilliant painters of manners in the present day. Keen, sarcastic, and gifted with singular happiness of epithet, her comedy passes rapidly before the reader; and he is almost too much amused to be aware how much he might be instructed. There is no poetry in her pages; she is no ladye

“Lone sitting by the shores of old romance;” she redeems not our nature by the rich lights of the imagination; she clothes not

“The palpable and the familiar  
With golden exhalations from the dawn.”

all is actual, searching, and sparkling. The wit of her pages belongs to the best school of French memoirs; it is lively, pointed, and its clothes are very well made—*alias*, the piquante idea has a fitting embroidery of words. In descriptions she has a talent peculiarly her own: a phrase embodies a generalisation. What could be more happy in suiting a sentence than her “Kill-they-own-mutton sort of people?”

*Mrs. Armytage* is the best of her works that we have yet seen. The story is new, and full of interest, and the characters well sketched at first, and well supported afterwards; and—a difficulty to us, but a merit for the reader—the narrative is so well connected together, that it is no easy task to choose a portion for separate display. We must preface the following scene, by observing that Mrs. Armytage’s son has married, without her consent, a girl in a much inferior rank of life. After a due lapse of displeasure, the young couple are returning home; at last, owing to electioneering detention, the bride arrives by herself.

“A French *calèche*, drawn by jaded posters, looking jaded as only posterns can look, and smoking as only posterns can smoke, drew up under the portico, having a courier, half French, half German, half Italian [*three halves!*], and a *soubrette* wholly, entirely, and manifestly Parisian, for its outside passengers—within, a pretty Frenchified little doll of a woman, and an ugly

Frenchified little dog of a poodle. Sophy trembled. She would have trembled still more had she been aware that Arthur’s rash charge to his wife, throughout their hurried journey from Dover, had been—‘Above all things, beware of allowing my mother to perceive that you are afraid of her: unless you appear perfectly free and at ease in her presence, she will fancy that we are secretly resenting the past. For my sake, pray exert your spirits to the utmost.’ Fortunately enough, the courier, the *femme de chambre*, and the poodle, escaped for a time the scrutinising eyes of Mrs. Armytage, who stood awaiting, at the door of the library, her long-expected daughter-in-law and guest. ‘I trust you met with no accident? We expected you yesterday,’ said she, bestowing a solemn salutation on the cheek of the stranger; when Marian, true to her recently acquired Parisian habits, familiarly offered the other *à la Française*, for a reciprocation of the honour. ‘Oh, no! not the slightest accident: the foreign carriages are so safe—so formed for bad roads.’ ‘Bad roads!’ Mrs. Armytage, regarding it as an established fact that the Great North Road was the triumph of Macadamisation, was silent with surprise. ‘But I felt a little tired when we reached Wolverfield last night,’ continued the stranger, throwing herself into the nearest arm-chair which the library afforded; ‘when Arthur, remembering that the inn at Wolverfield is what is called in England a crack inn, decided that we should stay and sleep: and so we were half-suffocated in enormous feather-beds, and condemned to the nightmare by a dinner of eels, veal-collaps, and wine-sour plums, which, it appears, are esteemed dainties in the county of York.’ Mrs. Armytage stood transfixed. ‘And after all,’ continued the inadvertent Marian, ‘we experienced the horror of getting up at seven o’clock this morning, *entre chien et loup*, in order to gratify the people at Thoroton with the notion that we had hastened our journey to do them honour; in consequence of which we arrived, *abimés, brisés de fatigue*, and poor Arthur in any thing but a humour to do the agreeable to his constituents. *Ah! mon pauvre Mouton! je te croyais perdu!*’ cried Marian to the little monster, which now frisked into the room, and jumped into her lap; while Mrs. Armytage, half-resentfully, half-despairingly, led forward Sophia to the new-comer, with the simple presentation of—‘My daughter.’ ‘*Cela va sans dire*; I knew Miss Armytage at once—so strong a resemblance to yourself,’ replied Marian, too much frightened to observe that Sophia was as fair as her mother was dark, but still labouring to disguise her own timidity under a mask of assurance. And, while Sophy’s advance towards a sisterly salute was sufficiently apparent, she threw herself back again in the chair, and applied herself to her *flacon*. ‘I conclude it will be late before we see my son?’ inquired Mrs. Armytage, resolved not to be disgusted. ‘Yes, indeed. Arthur gave me to understand that I should see no more of him till dinner-time.’ ‘And he gave no message?’ observed Mrs. Armytage, half-interrogatively. ‘Nothing but his kind love to all at home.’ ‘No appointment about sending the carriage for him?’ ‘None at all. I heard him settling it with Gumption and a lawyer’s clerk (the clerk, I believe, of Nebwell, your solicitor), that they would come on together.’ ‘Come on! I do not exactly understand,’ said Mrs. Armytage. ‘To dinner. I heard Arthur invite them all to come and dine with him.’ ‘There must be some mistake,’ faltered Sophia. ‘No, no mistake. I heard

Arthur say, ‘You must come and eat your mutton with me,’ or some such words. *Couchez-là! couchez donc, mon petit Mouton!*’ continued Mrs. Arthur, addressing the poodle, who was munching off the tassels of a sofa-cushion: ‘if there is a plague on earth, it is a lap-dog.’ ‘If there is a plague on earth, it is the vulgar wife of one’s only son!’ might, perhaps, be the secret response of Mrs. Armytage. ‘By the way,’ resumed Marian, as if struck by a bright idea (her courage, like that of Macheath, being nearly ‘run out’), perhaps I had better go and see after Célestine and the things. It is quite shocking how foreign servants get imposed upon: you have no notion how horribly they were cheated on the road!’ ‘As you are now among my own people,’ observed Mrs. Armytage, with dignity, ‘I trust further precaution is needless.’ ‘Oh! one never knows. Only last night, at Wolverfield, they stole Ladislaw’s case of cigars. And such a bill as they brought in, the moment they found it was for Mr. Armytage, of Holywell Park, the new member for Thoroton! One would have thought poor Arthur was come to take possession of his family estate, instead of a seat in parliament! I used to think Uncle Robsey’s bills at the Plough, at Cheltenham, beat any thing; but this was ten times worse, really *à faire frémir!* Three-and-sixpence for Mouton’s supper!’ ‘I think you said you would like to see your room?’ interrupted Sophy, judging it prudent to anticipate the explosion of her mother’s wrath. ‘Oh! no ceremony, thank you; I dare say I shall find my way. I have so often talked with Arthur over the plan of the house at Holywell, and settled it where we should be when we came to stay with you,’ replied Mrs. Arthur, pausing at the door, to whistle to her dog, ere she disappeared from the wondering eyes of Mrs. Armytage. Having conducted her strange, her very strange sister-in-law, to the chintz bed-room, Sophia disappeared also. But, had she returned half-an-hour afterwards, she would have been struck with a strong vapour of ether and eau de Cologne, and the agitated demeanour of Mademoiselle Célestine; for Marian, pale as death, was lying on the bed, half-fainting and wholly exhausted by her ill-advised exertions. Her only consolation, poor soul! lay in the persuasion that she had played to admiration the part of excellent dissembling, of self-possession and dauntlessness, imposed upon her by the misjudging Arthur. She trusted she had at once done her duty to her husband, and imposed upon her imposing mother-in-law.”

If there be any truth in the French proverb, “*Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte*,” we congratulate Mr. Colburn, that his first step in again commencing publication should be a work so attractive and—we must repeat the word—brilliant as the present. But who would not anticipate the popularity of *Female Domination*?

*Essays towards the History of Painting.* By Mrs. Callcott. 12mo. pp. 269. Lond. 1836. Moxon.

A PLEASING little volume, interesting in itself, and rendered still more so by the statement, in the Dedication, that it was undertaken “as the best means of alleviating the wearisomeness of an increasing and incurable disorder.”

After briefly adverting to the various lectures, and other publications on art, both by professors and by others, which have hitherto appeared, Mrs. Callcott observes:

“There remains, however, open, an unpre-

tending path, yet introduced, by which those who love art may be led sufficiently near her temple to enjoy her beauties, understand her virtues, and be blessed by her happy influence, without encroaching on the province of her professed servants, or engaging in combat with her false or mistaken friends, or avowed enemies. 'Tis this path that I would pursue, and take along with me those of my sex and country who love the good and the beautiful, and who likewise love to look up, through them, to the fountain of all goodness, and to the Author of all beauty."

She then sketches the history and progress of the arts, from the great-grandson of Cain, mentioned in the book of Genesis as the first who wrought and engraved on metal, down to the third period of painting in Greece. The second portion of the work will describe the entire decay of the arts, and their subsequent revival.

Both as a specimen of the composition, and as the exhibition of a novel and ingenious idea, we will quote Mrs. Calcott's plan for a more precise classification of pictures than has hitherto been adopted.

"It has been the custom," she remarks, "to distribute all the various works of art into three or four classes, each comprehending a most incongruous variety. The first place is always allowed to Historic Painting, which, as now understood, means everything that is not portrait, or domestic scenery, or landscape, or flowers, or caricature, from the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, down to a sleeping nymph or a weeping Magdalen. Portrait comes next; and even those who have seen Giulio II. are not ashamed to place in the same class, the Lord Henrys and Lady James, Les Barons de T., or Les Comtesses de V., that annually adorn the walls of the London and Paris exhibitions. With the Familiar Life class, as now understood, I do not quarrel: if the Dutch and Flemings, two centuries ago, far exceeded all we do in execution, we moderns are much above them in sense and feeling; in having a story to tell, and telling it well. Besides, the words, 'familiar life,' admit at once every variety of subject, from genteel comedy to broad farce. It appears to have been cultivated with some success by the ancients. But the Landscape class! Surely, it is strange to put the Enchanted Castle of Claude, and the Deluge of Poussin, together with views on Hounslow Heath, and scenes in the Waterloo tea-gardens! Landscape painting, indeed, seems to be a modern art, as considered by itself; though it must have been practised for the sake of backgrounds by the ancients, as I shall have occasion to notice. It has pleased the writers upon painting to make a class apart of Animal Painting, and to consider the class as an inferior one. It is right to separate it; but the inferiority will scarcely be allowed by those who know the works of Rubens and Snyders. At any rate, the ancients did not consider it mean, by their praise of the animals of Nicias and Pausias generally, of the horses of Apelles, and the dogs of Protogenes, in particular. In Fruit, and Flowers, and Still Life, we have again the ancients to support us. How lovely were the fresh flowers in the Stephanopolis of Pausias! Then the grapes of Zeuxis, and the curtain of Parrhasius, how exquisitely finished! As to the delineations of animals, plants, minerals, &c., for the purposes of natural history, they must be considered as combining the original uses of the graphic art; namely, history writing, with the practical improvement of modern times; and I shall not make any further mention of them. It is evident that this classifica-

tion is as absurd and inconvenient, as it would be in poetry to place under the same head, Homer's Iliad and the ballad of Colin and Lucy, because both tell a story. If, however, in conformity with long usage, we must preserve these classes, they ought to be subdivided, so as to dispose works really of the same order apart from the masses in which they are now confounded. I am aware that, however decided the distinction may be between the great works that must form the example for each subdivision, it will be difficult to keep the limits so clear, that the exact place of any particular work may be known and fixed at once; but that is surely a small evil compared with the present confusion. The class History has been felt to be so indefinite, that some of the best writers on art have tacitly divided it into the strictly historical and the dramatic. As far as it goes, the division is excellent; but it still leaves such masses to be separated, that I cannot but wish for further distinctions. For instance, I should wish not to place in the same class, the Taking of Troy by Polygnotus, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia in Aulis by Timanthes, and the single figure of Ajax by Apollodorus, but to allow each of those to be the example of a separate division; and quite apart from those, I should wish to place all allegorical and didactic subjects, as well as those in which the machinery of superior or inferior natures is introduced. Thus, those subjects now clumsily thrown together under the name of History, would come naturally to form four distinct classes, each of which ought, in strictness, to be again broken into subdivisions. The four classes I should propose to call, 1st. Ethic or Didactic. 2d. Epic. 3d. Historical. 4th. Dramatic. Each of these will admit of further subdivision. The Ethical subjects should be distributed into the Purely Didactic; the Emblematic; and Satire, or the Higher Caricature. Of the Epic class I should make but two great divisions, each, however, capable of very marked partition. 1st. The Christian Religious Subjects. 2d. The Antique Mythological Subjects, whether painted by ancients or moderns. 1st. The Christian divisions, depending upon the introduction of saints, angels, and even more awful matters, but not comprehending Christ while on earth. 2d. The Antique, upon the introduction of the deified heroes and gods of Paganism. The really Historical class of pictures may be divided into those in which a whole history is treated in a single picture. Those in which a history is treated in a series of pictures. Those in which a single point of history forms the picture. The Dramatic class might comprehend the familiar life subjects; but I have thought it better to leave those, as they have hitherto stood, by themselves; and to reckon only in this class the single actions of higher tragedy: single actions of a mixed character. In Portrait painting, it will be readily allowed, that there are strongly marked distinctions between the Historical Portrait; the Scenic Portrait subjects; and Portraits of common characters. The Familiar Life class naturally divides into—Grave Comedy; Light Comedy, or Farce. Of Landscape, the distinct varieties are,—the Epic Landscape; the Historic Landscape; the Imaginary, or Poetic Landscape; and the mere Portrait Landscape. Animal painters have naturally made two classes,—the Dramatic, and the mere Portrait."

The fair author then proceeds to point out specimens of each of these subdivisions.

The last Essay is, "On the Materials used by Painters." This is a subject on which, if she chose to do so, and were authorized to do

so, Mrs. Calcott might communicate much information that would be extremely valuable to artists. It is quite impossible that such admirable pictures as those which are at this moment gracing the walls of Somerset House could have been produced by her highly gifted husband, without much previous research into the best materials for painting, and the best mode of applying them. Although the greatest degree of technical knowledge is worthless, unless under the guidance of judgment and taste; yet it is very desirable, that the practical means by which the dictates of judgment and taste may be most easily and fully carried into execution, should be as generally known as possible.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Sacred Classics, Vol. for July.*—Bishop Horne's works are prefaced in this volume by an essay from the pen of Mr. James Montgomery, which reflects lustre on his good taste and sincere piety. The few particulars of the biography of Bishop Horne are relieved by critical remarks on his principal works on "Infidelity," and on "The Psalms"; and by some more general observations of much beauty and interest. From the latter, we beg to select the picture of a good and amiable member of a family circle.

"At home young Horne was beloved for many endearing qualities, but especially that rare one of being a peacemaker; and 'blessed' as such characters are in all situations of life, thrice and four times blessed are they in families, when they study to prevent those petty strifes from which so many of the miseries of every-day life arise. By a sensibility, 'quick as the apple of an eye,' he instantly perceived when offence had been hazarded, and before it could be resented, contrived to turn it with some pleasantry so apt and opportune, that the parties had no choice but to fall back into good-humour, instead of falling out with each other. When we consider how long and how bitterly such minute provocations may rankle in the minds and canker the tempers of brothers and sisters, such a pacificator in a household must have been an invaluable inmate,—a guardian angel even in the person of a child."

The opinion we have always maintained that science can never war with nor injure true religion, is very happily put in the following quotation.

"As for the alarm which some good persons feel at the progress of science, its actual discoveries and the imagined peril of pursuing them,—of what has the believer in the Gospel to be afraid? The book of nature, however minutely read and explored, cannot invalidate the book of revelation. No truth can contradict another truth. It is one of the strongest incidental proofs of the authenticity of the divine records, that, though delivered long before the most extraordinary discoveries were made in every department of natural history, no fact clearly ascertained in the latter has disproved any fact clearly stated in the former. What is true must stand true for ever; what is false must as surely perish—lapse into oblivion, having served only a temporary purpose, call by another falsehood, or by an antagonist truth, or perpetrate suicide, self-slain by involving a contradiction. Truth is never to be dreaded in the cause of truth; it ought, therefore, never to be blinked or suppressed; though particular portions of it are only to be asserted on due occasions."

We need not add that this introduction is a great recommendation to the Sacred Classic whom it has been written to illustrate.

*A History of British Quadrupeds, No. I.* By Thomas Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. (London, Van Voorst).—This bids fair to be a worthy companion to Yarrell's "British Fishes," one of the most popular productions in natural history which has issued from the press in our day. The wood-cuts and vignettes are beautiful specimens of art, and accurate representations of the animals described. When we have seen a few Nos. we will enter more at large into the character of the work, of which this is a very promising commencement.

*Historical Recollections of Hyde Park, &c.* by Thomas Smith, author of "A Topographical and Historical Account of the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone." 12mo. pp. 99. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Mr. Smith has been unfortunate in the selection of a subject. Hyde Park is associated with few historical recollections; and, in this respect, sinks into insignificance compared with its rival of St. James's. All that could be learned concerning it has been carefully collected by the author; and although it is often our task to admire the patience rather than the literary merit exhibited in such works, we cannot refuse Mr. Smith the praise of a lucid arrangement and good taste. We dare say his book will prove an acceptable present to our juvenile friends; it is illustrated with woodcuts of the more prominent objects in the park and its vicinity.

*Observations on the Curiosities of Nature*, by the late W. Burt, Esq., edited by his nephew, T. Seymour Burt, Esq. M. R. A. S. Pp. 353. (London, 1836, Allen and Co.)—This is a collection of essays, the product of much reading in an elegant and well-stored mind, which has kept, as it were, a diary of its ideas. Various subjects are embraced, and much pleasant information conveyed in a very

pleasing manner, mingled, however, with what is too much known to general readers. For example, when we are gravely informed that "Dew may, poetically speaking, be termed the tears of earth for the departure of the sun," what is it but turning into prose Sheridan's pretty caution—

"The dew of the evening most carefully shun  
They're the tears of the earth for the loss of the sun?"

Neither does the information that sponge has a vital principle bring with it any particular novelty.

*Edouard, the Crusader's Son*, 2 vols. by Mrs. Barwell. —An agreeable little story, well fitted for the use of young people, to whom it will give a general historic idea of the time in which its narrative is laid.

*Edrick the Saxon*, 2 vols. by Arthur Stanley Bridge, Esq. —Mr. Bridge kindly informs us in his Preface, that "his chief and only care has been to make it as unlike any of the numerous modern publications of the same stamp, and, therefore, to leave the 'chemin frage' of the present host of scribblers." It is a pity to throw away a chief and only care, as it has been thrown away in the present instance, for "Edrick the Saxon" is as commonplace an affair as ever made the picturesque of chivalry dull, or the poetry of the past prosaic.

*The Broken Font*, 2 vols. —The genius of our author is essentially too wild and picturesque for the beaten and staid path he has here selected. Sir Walter Scott has also been too present with him; and the old cavalier, with one fair daughter, attached to her puritan cousin, is an over close resemblance. There are, however, passages of very graceful writing.

*Afflict the Great*, by G. N. Collingwood, Esq. —We fear that in this instance poetry must be, like virtue, its own reward. The style of poem Mr. Collingwood aims at restoring is gone beyond recall. A cultivated and even elegant mind is now no substitute for genius.

*The Theory and Science of Naval Architecture familiarly Explained*, &c., by Isaac Blackburn, late of Plymouth, Ship-builder. Pp. 137. (London, Longman and Co.) —Ship-building, which, if encouraged by every application of science and practical knowledge that human means could command, ought especially to have been so studied and so encouraged in this great naval country, but which has, like too many other great national concerns, been left to luck and private individual exertions,—has in this volume found an able expositor. We recommend the volume to the public, as well deserving of its patronage and consideration.

✓ *Ale's Residence in China* contains curious views of this curious people; with whom, it is to be hoped, a few years now will bring us to be better and more extensively acquainted than by-gone centuries have accomplished. To the enterprise and activity of our gallant and enlightened merchants we look for much in this quarter.

*Life of Mungo Park*. Pp. 314. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.) —A full and interesting biography of one of the most interesting of English travellers.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW in the chair. —A communication on the roads and kloofs (passes) in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, by Major Mitchell, R.E., and surveyor at the Cape, was read. After a few preliminary observations, Major Mitchell states that the average rate of travelling at the Cape is six miles per hour, on horseback; five, or five and a half, in a horse-wagon; and three in a wagon drawn by oxen. From the circumstance of being able to travel at this rate, a stranger would naturally conclude that pains have been taken to procure this facility over a surface so vast as from 110,000 to 115,000 square miles (England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland together, only give 113,931 square miles); but this is not the case. The people at the Cape are indebted for it to the nature of the soil, which, with the exception of a few sandy spots of inconsiderable extent, presents a good hard bottom, covered with a crust of iron-stone gravel; so that, but for the mountain-passes, which are tremendous, the communications throughout the colony would be perfectly unobstructed. The march of civilisation in the colony, and the development of its capabilities, are almost paralysed by the want hitherto experienced of means to remove or surmount the natural obstacles above alluded to: but this, the author trusts, will not long be the case; for, as finances at the Cape improve, this important subject will, no doubt, meet with due attention. It is a pity that, occupying so much country, the Cape people should be so scarcely able to commu-

nicate with the greatest part of it for the interchange of commodities, and that a comparatively easy access should be possessed solely by the small strip of land between the western coast and the mountains constituting the Cape and Stellenbosch districts; whilst those of Clanwilliam, Worcester, Beaufort, and Graaf Rynnet, to say nothing of Somerset, are in a manner shut out from us by the difficulties which the mountains present. No one who knows the colony will regard the subject of the kloofs, or mountain-passes, as otherwise than most important. With this just impression on his mind, Major Mitchell proceeds to consider the principal ranges which run parallel with the western and southern coast, as the great wall, or barrier, placed there to put perseverance to the test, and leave only the choice of allowing this tract to continue till the end of time in its present stunted condition; or, by the expenditure of a few thousand pounds, to render it one of the most valuable possessions of the crown. He then points out the situation and use of the principal mountain-passes, viz., those of the Peguinier, Tulbagh, Roope Zands, Wetzzenberg, Schurftberg, Mostert's Hock. Of the last-mentioned, the author observes that it is, for the lover of beautiful scenery, worth travelling any distance to see; its length is about eight English miles, part of which is of a nature so rugged and precipitous, that it is necessary to take a wagon to pieces, carry it and its cargo piecemeal through, and then undergo all the trouble of putting together and reloading it. Nevertheless, 8000*l.* would enable an excellent pass to be made here; and, as its distance from the Tulbagh kloof is little more than twelve miles, there would be no absolute call for the improvement of any of the other passes in this vicinity until the colony could perfectly afford it: besides, adds the author, the above sum would not be required all at once, the nature of the work being such that it would take full four years to accomplish. After paying a warm, but merited eulogy, to that able engineer and gallant soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway, who, during the government of Lord Charles H. Somerset, executed the French Hock pass, to the incalculable advantage of the colony; and to Governor Sir Lowrey Cole, for the execution of Lowrey's pass in 1830, at the trifling cost of 3000*l.*, Major Mitchell observes, that no better proof can be given of the advantages the public have derived from having these facilities of communication afforded to them, than is exhibited in the fact of the toll levied at Sir Lowrey's pass producing to government, at present, the annual sum of 365*l.*; whereas, prior to the opening, 150*l.* was as much as it could realise. Every one who has read Barrow, Burchell, and other travellers of note, must have been appalled at the very description of the ascent or descent of a wagon by the old Hottentot-Holland kloof, and will feel pleasure in knowing that the same may now be performed at a brisk trot, having become as good a road as any in England. Cardock's kloof, district of St. George; Howison's kloof; and several others, are next treated of: and the author, evincing great topographical knowledge, then draws attention to the points where improvements are most necessary, and would be attended with the greatest advantages, both immediate and prospective; and concludes by remarking, that the sum of 13,000*l.* would, in all probability, suffice to remove the two principal obstructions to the prosperity of the Cape; viz., the Attuquas Kloof, which, if improved, would enable the farmers of Oliphant's river, Congo,

and Long Kloof, to transport their grain to Mossel Bay. Mostert's Hock, too, is the great door to all the north-east parts of the colony. The granting of this sum—or say 20,000*l.*—would, after all, be but as a kind of loan, as Sir Lowrey's pass has plainly proved; for it is paying itself rapidly. Several members of the Society bore testimony to the correct topographical details of Major Mitchell's paper; after which, the meetings were adjourned for the session.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, June 30th. —The following prizes were adjudged:—

*Members' Prizes for Bachelors of Arts*.—J. I. Smith, Trinity College.—No second prize adjudged.

*Subject*.—"Extincta servitute apud insulas Occidentales, quænam commoda vel incommoda possint exinde oriri?"

*Members' Prizes for Undergraduates*.—W. G. Humphry, Trinity College.—No second prize adjudged.

*Subject*.—"In Republica bene constituta sunt hereditario jure Nobiles."

June 23d. —The following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Physic*.—J. Barr, Emmanuel College.

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. J. H. Pooley, St. John's College, Compendium.

*Master of Arts*.—Rev. J. Smith, St. John's College.

*Bachelor of Arts*.—R. E. Roberts, Clare Hall.

The Rev. T. H. Phelps, M.A., Oxford, was incorporated M.A. of Emmanuel College.

### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 18. A general meeting was held this day, the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, vice-president, in the chair.—Several donations were laid upon the table. The secretary read a letter from B. H. Hodgson, Esq., the East India Company's political resident in Nepal, addressed to Sir Alexander Johnston, stating that, during the many years of his residence among the mountains of Nepal, he had been gradually accumulating materials to illustrate the animal kingdom of that country—especially its quadrupeds and birds—and that it was his wish to publish his drawings and notes with the patronage of some public body, and the aid of some man of science selected by such body, and with whom he might co-operate, in some such manner as Richardson did with Swainson. The drawings for his work, executed by two native artists, carefully trained for the purpose, amounted to several hundreds in number; and all those of birds were given in the natural size, and in the style of Gould's. Mr. Hodgson's purpose was to marry opportunity to skill; to effect such a union of local facilities, with the ability to turn them to account, as was at once, in the highest degree needful, and difficult in regard to researches into the phenomena of animate beings. The secretary also read a letter, addressed to the right hon. chairman, from P. B. Lord, Esq. of the Bombay medical service, dated Surat, Dec. 1835, containing some observations on the port and town of Cambay, in Guzerat, and of a branch of industry carried on in that place, namely, the cutting and polishing of cornelians. Mr. Lord described the process followed by the natives in this art, which was very efficient, though simple. The original cornelian stones have a black, flintlike appearance, but, by exposing them to the heat of the fire or sun, they assume, some a red, some a white, or any intermediate shade of colour. Mr. Lord alluded to the fact, that, for some years past, the upper part of the gulf of Cambay has been decreasing in depth; and said, that the decrease was now going on with such rapidity as almost to allow the observer to witness, in the formation of dry land before his eyes, a tangible illustration of Mr. Lyall's beautiful and much talked of



theory. Vessels formerly discharged their cargoes under the very walls of the town. At the time Mr. Lord was speaking of, the nearest vessel in harbour was, at least, four miles distant; and was then lying, sunk in the mud, without any chance of floating till the return of the spring-tide. The cause of this diminution in the depth of the harbour, was the immense quantity of slime and mud brought down by the river Mhye; which, after a course of nearly one hundred miles, through an entirely alluvial country, discharged its turbid contents a short distance to the east of Cambay. The effect was very prejudicial to the trade of Cambay.—The next meeting was announced for the 2d of July.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETING  
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.  
Institute of British Architects, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Critiques on Paintings, by H. P. Parker, with a few slight Etchings, shewing the Compositions, &c.* Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1835.

THE *Literary Gazette* has always shewn itself sensible to Mr. Parker's merits. In his own line, indeed, we know no artist superior, or even equal to him. From the following passage in the Address prefixed to the present publication, however, we fear that, like many other men of talent, he does not experience all the patronage and encouragement that he so richly deserves.

"Twenty years of patient and unwearied labour with the pencil, and ardent admiration and study of the fine arts, have placed the artist in a position to perceive the ever varying changes to which all dependent on patronage are liable. To see many of his early patrons removed by death and other circumstances—to feel the effects of the overflow of the profession in dividing local patronage—and the attractions of novelty to which the art is peculiarly subject—must be, more or less, every one's fate who resides long in the same place. \* \* \* It behoves the artist, then, to endeavour to extend his professional name beyond the confined sphere of his present residence."

The etchings, though small and slight, are spirited, and convey a very good idea of the general character of the compositions to which they relate.

*The Wooden Walls of Old England.* Painted by R. W. Buss; engraved by H. Rolls. A. Graves.

It was, we believe, at the Exhibition of the British Artists, in Suffolk Street, that we first saw and noticed this humorous, though, perhaps, rather caricatured representation of the gallant exploits of a naval Uncle Toby and Trim. Mr. Rolls has done great justice to Mr. Buss, and has made the "Dreadnaught" a first-rate.

*Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. F.R.S., L.S., &c. and President of the London Horticultural Society.* Painted by Solomon Cole; engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A.

A FINE intellectual head, treated without trick or affectation of any kind.

*Principles of Perspective, and their Application to Drawing from Nature, familiarly Explained and Illustrated.* By William Rider. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

BRIEF, but perspicuous; and amply sufficient for all but architectural draughtsmen.

*Spanish Monks preaching at Seville.* Painted by J. F. Lewis; engraved by J. C. Bromley. Hodgson and Graves.

AN admirable mezzotint to print. In addition to the superior qualities of character and expression, Mr. Bromley has faithfully retained Mr. Lewis's peculiar and well-known style of execution.

*Facsimiles of Historical and Literary Curiosities, accompanied by Portraits and Views of interesting Localities.* Engraved and lithographed by and under the direction of C. J. Smith. No. III. Nichols and Son.

THE present Part contains a number of facsimiles of interesting letters from Grahame of Claverhouse, Grose, Cowper, Addison, Doddridge, Dryden, Lord Halifax, Granger, Beattie, and De Lolme, most of which have never before been published. We subjoin a curious document respecting the battle of Drumclog. In the "Memoirs of Capt. John Creighton," edited by Dean Swift (1731), there is an account of that battle, in which it is stated, that the rebels, commanded by Robert Hamilton, second son of Sir William Hamilton, of Preston, were between eight and nine thousand in number, while Claverhouse's men did not exceed one hundred and eighty.

"Glaskau Jun the 2 1629.

"My Lord,—Upon Saturdays night when my lord Rosse cam in to this place I marched out and because of the insolvency that had been done two nights befor at Rughen I went thither and inquired for three names so soon as I got them I sent out partys to sease on them and found not only three of those rogues but also ane intercomend minister called king we had them at strenen about six in the morning yesterday. and resolving to convoy them to this I thocht that we might mak a little tour to see if we could fall upon a conventicle which we did litle to our advantage for when we came in sight of them we found them drawn up in battle upon a most advantageous ground to which there was no coming but throgth moses and hithease. they wer not preaching and had sat away all there women and shildring. they consisted of four battailons of foot all well armed with fusise and pitchforks and three squadrons of horse we sent both partys to skirmish they of foot and us of dragoonie they run for it and sent down a battailon of foot against them we sent threescor of dragoons who mad them run again shamfully but in end they percaeving that we had the better of them in skirmish they resolved a generall ingadgement and immediatly advanced with there foot the horse folouing they came throgth the Lotche and the greatest body of all made up against my troupe we kepted our fyr till thei wer with in ten pace of us they receivede our fyr and advanced to the shok the first they gave us broght down the coronet mr Crafford and captain Bleith—beside that with a pitchfork they made such an opening in my sorre horses belly that his guts hung out half an elle and yet he caryed me af an myl which so discoroged our men that they sustined not the shok but fell unto disorder there horse took the occasion of this and perseud us so hotly that we got no tym to rayly. I saved the standarts but lost on the place about eight or ten men beside wounded but the dragoons lost many mor, they ar not com esily af on the other siede for I sawe severall of them fall befor we cam to the shok I mad the best retrate the confusion of our people would suffer and am now laying with my Lord Ross. the town of

streson dreu up as we was making our retrait and thocht at a pass to cut us of but we took courage and fell to them made them run leaving a dousain on the place what thoses rogues will doe next I knou not but the contry was flogging to them from all hands this may be counted the begining of the rebellion in my opinion. I am my Lord Your Lordships most humble servant

"GRAHAME.  
"My Lord I am so wearied and so sleapy that I have wryten this very confusedly."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VICTORIA! THE HOPE OF THE THRONE!  
*Written for the occasion by W. James Thomson, and Sung by Mr. Broadhurst at the Anniversary Festival of the Royal Highland School Society.*

ALL hail to the heart-stirring toast we have crown'd,

Our country's good genius to name;  
For none ever read Britain's annals but found  
Victoria and England the same!

And since to our past famous queens the bright days

Of Raleigh and Marlborough were known,  
Future ages shall add to their triumphs the blaze

Of Victoria! the hope of the throne!

A cup for each letter a name to combine,  
The Romans were wont to bestow;  
But Victoria's too pure to be writ but in wine,—  
Too lasting to fade with its glow.

Her gifts and her virtues united engage,  
That her fame shall for ever be known;  
And the brightest of lines on posterity's page,  
Be Victoria! the pride of the throne!

MUSIC.

*Concerts.*—On Saturday, Mr. H. Herz's concert was fully and fashionably attended, as his conduct and manners in private life, and transcendent talents in his profession, so justly merit. Nothing could be more brilliant and admirable than his performances; and, though some of the instrumental pieces were, we think, rather too long, and we were disappointed by the leading female vocalists announced, the audience were satisfied with the apologies of sickness, and departed well pleased with the efforts which were made to gratify their musical tastes.

On Monday, Signor Liverani and Madlle. Logano, the latter a *début*, gave a splendid and delightful concert, the grand attraction to which was the novelty of the day, Logano. Her organ is wonderfully fine and powerful; and, even under the tremor of a first appearance, she executed her task with brilliant success: perhaps, however, with less sweetness than she could, under other circumstances, impart. The ornaments were lavish (as we are not over fond of them), but splendidly given; so that even the contrast of a sweet and simple air, sung immediately after by Grisi, failed to remove the strong impression. Caradori was also heard with delight; and Tamburini, and both Lablaches, and Mori on the violin, were all that the lover of harmony could desire. Malibran gave a new aria, composed for her by Costa, in a low scale, and was applauded to the echo. We are not sure that it is judicious or right for the other performers to join in, or lead, such applause: the precedent is bad, and may produce heart-burnings and bickerings in a profession not celebrated for too much cordiality, or too little jealousy and envy. *Verbum sat.*

*Opera Concert Room, June 25.*—Pole, quotha! M. Lowinski is the very cynosure of pianists!

We cannot conceive how he plays so well; for he neither throws his hands about, as if anxious to slap his own face, nor starts ever, as though each key were impregnated with an electric charge; but, on the contrary, acquits himself gracefully, powerfully, feelingly—with an unaffected bearing, too, that is a refreshing contrast with the assumption and conceit of such "signori" as Da Costa and F. Lablache. All the compositions which he introduced at his benefit of Friday last were stamped with originality, skill, and pleasingness. Of his concerto, we preferred the *adagio* movement; and thought indifferently of the "orchestral accompaniments." The bravura variation on Bellini's favourite march was good throughout; and not the less meritorious because the subject has been tolerably hackneyed. Malibran threw all her melody, all her intensity, all her witchery, into "La mia man" and "Una voce;" and carried even ecstasy to its climax by singing the former a second time. *Apropos* of encores; we should be glad to know if Mr. Mori imagines that his title of "leader" qualifies him to lead public opinion, as well as his band; for we observe that no sooner is any piece terminated, than this gentleman, and this gentleman's gentlemen, begin to clap their hands and beat their fiddles, as lustily as if reputation was made standard by their criterion. This is not as it should be. The only fault of the pianoforte and the violin *duetto* was that De Beriot had scarcely scope to elicit from his instrument the sources of its pre-eminence. Let us suggest to Miss Rosa Raper, that when next she fails to sing, as announced, it will be in just as good taste not to place herself in a prominent position among the audience. T. F.

*King's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.*—Madame Maggioni's concert of Thursday was opened by five or six carpenters, in professional costume, who hammered and dusted sundry music-stands and a pianoforte, with much bustle and animation, for about half an hour. These were pushed from their stools by an instrumental tuner, who screwed, and strummed, and looked sapient, for many minutes. The rest came on laggingly. Madame Malibran, Mlle. Salvi, and Signor Begrez, came not on at all. The *portamento* and *legato* passages of Puzzi's horn were as pure as the human voice itself; and Miss Cooper's execution of "Fatal Goffredo" was very creditable to so young an *artiste*. We can never help thinking that poor Bellini was harping on this, and an air of Mercadante, when he wrote the score of the duet and cavatina in *I Puritani*. *Malgré* her audience's disappointments, the *beneficiare* had a roomful of reasons to be satisfied with her concert. T. F.

*Musical Soirée—Pope's Pianofortes.*—An extraordinary muster of musicians, of every caste and colour, met by especial invitation at the rooms of Mons. Pope, in Frith Street, for the purpose of pronouncing upon the merits of the recently imported instruments of the Parisian manufacturer. At an early hour the rooms were crowded, to listen to the performances of the celebrated Thalberg, Moscheles, &c. Among the company present were Latour, Neat, Lowinski, Mrs. Anderson, and Ole Bull. The latter appeared to be highly delighted with the bold performance of a Mr. Cervase (or *Lir-Base*), a violoncellist. This artist has not had justice done to him in this country; but he cannot complain after Thalberg. It is a reflection on the dilettanti of the metropolis, that, for want of support and patronage, Mr. T. has been compelled to give up his contemplated concert. Mr. Pope's instruments are very powerful, and

peculiarly brilliant in the upper notes; and the solidity and workmanship of his instruments are of a very superior order.

*Signor Curioni* had his annual concert on Wednesday, and it was one of the finest of this abundant season. We have now, however, on various occasions, gone so often over the principal performers and the pieces produced, that we shall simply say they were both, in this instance, worthy of the high reputation and talent of our long established favourite, who has justly earned the patronage given to his private and professional merits.

Yesterday, the first concert given by Mlle. Parrigiani and Signor Maras occurred too late for our notice, further than the expression of general approbation.

Yesterday, also, the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music gave a most gratifying display of rising talent.

#### DRAMA.

*Drury Lane.*—A stupid piece, called *The Cabin Boy*, was produced on Tuesday, on the benefit of Mr. Anderson, who played the boy, and is never likely to play it again. The other entertainments were various, and the house full.

*Haymarket.*—*The Secret Marriage*, a new ballet, by the veteran D'Egville, has been produced with deserved success: several of the dances are extremely pretty and well executed.

*English Opera House.*—Mrs. White ought to be marked with a white stone, for one of the most laughable and attractive of all the little pieces brought out here, though many of them have been worthy of great praise. It is a funny affair, and Mrs. Keeley and Oxberry shine therein. *The Rebel Chief*, though excellently acted, is not so much to our taste. Several of the situations are fine; and Mrs. Keeley's song, "Twas on a May-day morning," enchanting. Oxberry and Mrs. Mathews, in a dancing duet, are exceedingly droll; their imitations of Perrot and Taglioni, irresistible.

#### VARIETIES.

*Sir David Wilkie.*—We observe with much gratification that his majesty has done honour to knighthood by bestowing it upon our gifted countryman, Wilkie; whose eminent talents and European reputation so justly entitle him to royal and public distinction.

*Baronets.*—The baronets of England are, it seems, endeavouring to regain some visible mark of their rank to be worn on their dress, as in former times. We would suggest, as allied to the blood-red hand, and instead of a star, that the jewel might be in the form of a hand, enriched with rubies, and the five tips of the fingers diamonds. This would be a splendid ornament, and so distinct as to enable us to know a baronet at once from all other orders of nobility and knighthood.

*Singular proof of tameness in a bird considered wild.*—A hall-door near Fulham is protected by a porch overgrown with clematis, in which a pair of blackbirds have built their nest, and brought out the young birds, four in number. The nest is about five feet from the ground, and the old ones do not heed the family going in and out at all, though they raise a great outcry whenever the cat appears in the garden.

*Barry O'Meara.*—On Friday fortnight, died, after a very short illness, Mr. Barry O'Meara, the well-known surgeon at St. Helena, whilst Napoleon was detained there. His work on the subject of that memorable historical episode

excited considerable sensation; the stronger mind of Buonaparte having completely overmastered that of his medical attendant, and converted him into a zealous partisan.

*Mr. James Mill*, the political and statistical writer, has also been numbered with the dead. His works displayed much energy and acuteness; and he enforced his particular opinions with great ability.

*M. Lalande*, the celebrated French naturalist, and author of many interesting works, died a few days since at Calais.

*Cockchafer Oil.*—The newspapers state that a discovery has been made at Quedlinburg, likely to be very fatal to the cockchafer race, viz., that they produce oil in the proportion of three to eight of their own measure. Nineteen millions had already submitted to the process of extraction, and died a hot death for the sake of greasing wheels.

*Bunn v. Macready.*—In the action for assault brought by Mr. Bunn against Mr. Macready, in which the damages were laid at 2000*l.*, the jury assessed the manager's bruises at 150*l.*!

*Mr. Henry Stephen Kemble*, the performer, and the nephew of Mrs. Siddons, and John and Charles Kemble, died on the 22d ult., at the early age of 47. He possessed considerable dramatic talent, and acted with great energy in melodramatic parts.

*Giraffes at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.*—There was a *fête champêtre* and fancy sale on Monday and Tuesday, for the benefit of the St. Ann's Charity Schools; and it is announced that Mr. Warwick, the naturalist, has arrived in the river, with a fine collection of animals, from Egypt, including three giraffes captured on the plains of Dongola, one of them fifteen feet in height. Mr. Warwick has also brought a rich collection of specimens of fish of the Nile and Mediterranean, shells, crustacea, &c., many of them stated to be new.

*The Giraffes.*—A very pretty and characteristic group of these animals, in various natural attitudes, and attended by their keepers and Mr. Thibaut, has been lithographed by G. Schwarz. The postures are all elegant except that of feeding on the ground, which is very constrained and awkward, as the giraffe has to spread its forelegs widely apart, and thrust down its long neck between them to reach the food.

*Beulah Spa.*—The first grand gala of the summer was given on Saturday last, and the weather being propitious, and the gardens in their prime, it was a delightful recreation. We trust that these opportunities for truly refreshing rural enjoyment will be frequently and successfully repeated.

*Vauxhall Gardens* have also enjoyed the favours of agreeable evenings, and been fairly attended.

*Aërostation.*—Mad. Garnerin had a very narrow escape in a balloon ascent last week at Paris. After mounting, with accident and disorder, and being in the air five minutes, she was saved in her descent by the parachute.

*Suicidal Statistics.*—Galignani's *Messenger* states the number of Parisian suicides for 1835, to be 229 men, and 73 females—302.

*The Gristhorpe Tumulus.*—Mr. Williamson (the curator of the Manchester Natural History Society) has just published a second edition of his description of this remarkable ancient British sepulture, of which we gave a particular account in the *Literary Gazette* of October 18, 1834. In addition to what was then stated, we observe the following new and interesting facts:

"There is one curious fact connected with the coffin,

which was overlooked at the early part of the pamphlet; this is the costume of a species of lichen upon the bark, which at first was beautifully distinct. How so delicate a vegetable has been preserved for so long a time is truly surprising. . . . The water contained in the sarcophagus was identical with the ordinary spring water of the vicinity, and contained much sulphate of lime, but no appreciable animal matter or tannin. Floating upon this water, and sparingly sprinkled along the under edges of the lid, and penetrating even the fissures, &c. of the decaying wood, adipocere occurred in a singular flocculent, or rather pulverulent form of a white colour, differing from its more usual appearance in consequence of partial decomposition, resulting, without doubt, from its vast age, and the peculiarity of being inclosed in such an antiseptic case. A series of experiments, which met with the sanction of Professor Traill of Edinburgh, of Dr. Henry of Manchester, and of Dr. John Murray of Edinburgh, ascertained this white matter to be a singular variety of adipocere, which likewise proved that the actual body of this ancient Briton had been deposited, and not merely the bones." The author adds:—"Since the publication of the first edition, two more tumuli have been opened in the neighbourhood of Scarborough. The first was highly interesting: it contained two interments; the more recent of which was near the surface, and consisted of a rather large inverted urn, containing bones and ashes: also a stone hammer and an arrow-head of flint. The primary interment lay about six feet below the surface of the barrow, and consisted of a kistvaen, three feet eight inches in length, and twenty inches broad: it contained the remains of a skeleton, which appears to have been rather a large one; and also a drinking-cup, similar to those found in so many of the barrows opened by Sir R. C. Hoare. The cup contained remains of decomposed vegetables. The kistvaen was covered with a large fragment of rock, and this was surrounded by a pile of stones, and the whole filled up with the earth in which the urn was laid: the deposits were, no doubt, British, but of a rather more modern date than the one at Grinstead. The bones were returned to their resting place; but the urn, drinking-cup, arrow-head, and hammer, were deposited in the Scarborough Museum. The second tumulus contained a similar kistvaen, which was, however, empty, having apparently been previously opened, and the contents removed. I have only slightly hinted at these investigations, as I was not at the opening, and as I have heard that some of the learned and eminent antiquaries who were present intend to publish an elaborate account of the whole."

*The Progressive Growth of Russia since Peter the Great.*—When Peter mounted the throne, the extent of Russia was 534,878 square leagues. For frontiers, she had, on the side of Sweden, the mountain of Manselka, and the lakes of Sfigo and Ladoga. On the side of Poland she was bounded by the Dnieper and the Mischa; to the south by the Ouval and the Samara. She was separated from China by the Yorbiza and the Amar. The treaty of Carlowitz put Peter the Great in possession of the town of Azoff, which Russia had it at heart to obtain. Thence the views of Peter the Great were directed towards the Baltic Sea. During the war with Sweden, by an unexampled temerity, he seized the province of Igermannland, and founded the capital of the empire on a territory, the possession of which was still contested with him. By the treaty of Nystaet, in 1721, Russia was enriched with Livonia, Estonia, Carelia, Ingermannland, Wiborg, and Moer; and from that moment Russia became an European empire. At the same time Peter secured the Ukraine, and at the head of a few Cossacks subjugated the rest of Siberia. In 1796 he colonised the southernmost part of Kamtschatka. In 1711 the Kouril was discovered, and in 1724 the czar made himself master of the shores of the Caspian Sea. Thus, under the reign of Peter the Great, the Russian empire was aggrandised about 20,000 square leagues. Under Catharine I. two hundred Tartar villages of Kuban freely submitted to her domination. Peter II. restored the provinces of Mazanderan and Astrolat to Persia, but he extended his Chinese frontiers to the river of Kiohta, and placed his advanced posts on the Naxym. Anne incorporated the Kirgiss, and some sections of the Crimea, into the empire. In the year 1743 Elizabeth acquired, by the treaty of Abo, Friedrichshamm, Pyllis, Nyslot, &c.; in 1745, the country of the Turcomans; in 1748, that of the Ossatim; in

1750 the Alentes islands and the rest of Kamtschatka. Anne had added to the empire 88,000 square leagues. At the end of her reign Russia contained 641,048 square leagues. The accession to the throne of Catherine II. is the date of a new epoch for the increase of the Russian empire. Poland was subjected to three partitions. In the first, in 1772, Catherine appropriated to herself Polonese, Livonia, and the provinces of Plock, Witespk, and Mink, to the Dnieper: the second partition gave Russia the province of Wilna, and all the country to the Dniester: and by the third division, in 1795, Russia still augmented herself by Volhynia, Galicia, Brzesc, Nowogorod, to the Nieman. In the same year Duke Peter ceded Courland, for a pension of 25,000 ducats. By the treaty of Koinordy, a part of the Crimea and the shores of the Black Sea were assigned to Russia. In 1789 she was, by the discoveries of Behring, put into possession of Nootka Sound; and in 1799, Paul I. conquered Georgia and Cartilinia. At that moment Russia contained 698,944 square leagues. The treaty of Tilsit was worth to her the province of Byalstok; the treaty of Schenbrunn conferred on her another portion of Galicia; that of Torneo, in 1810, all Finland, from Alond to Torneo; by the treaty of Buckarest Russia obtained, in 1812, Bassarabia and a part of Moldavia to Pruth; the treaty of Vienna, in 1815, gave her the kingdom of Poland; and already, in 1813, by the treaty of Gulistan, she had acquired Georgia. In 1825 she extended in America her Anglo-Russian frontiers, and she seized Prince of Wales's Islands. At present (1834), by all her conquests, Russia covers an extent of 725,780 square leagues. The Russian frontiers are at eighty leagues from Berlin, eighty-four from Vienna, seventy from Constantinople, and about four hundred from Pekin, the capital of China. Thus, in one century, the growth of Russia has been 210,000 square leagues; and it must be remarked, that the provinces of which she has obtained possession, are generally rich and fertile.—*Russland's Territorialvergrößerung, &c. Matrimonial Precaution at Steinberg.*—"It was a very thin, but strong iron mask, with clasps and locks of the same metal, of which a redoubted baron of olden times is said to have made frequent use. It appears that he had a very handsome wife, who was sadly coquettish, and more fond of exhibiting her pretty face than he at all approved of. Whenever he stirred from home, therefore, he was wont to encase his slippery partner's head in this iron mask, and put the key in his pocket. Tradition says that the gentleman mistook the application, and quite misplaced the protection, as the lady, though she could not exhibit the light of her countenance to her lovers, whispered still softer endearments through the bars, and in the end taught the foolish noble that in love as in war, physical obstacles, so far from keeping out an invading enemy, generally serve as his best stepping-stones to conquest."—*Hall's Schloss Hainfeld.*

*Tradition in the Mines of Vordernberg.*—"There is a tradition of very long standing amongst our miners here, which speaks to this point. When the barbarians from the regions north of the Danube drove the Romans from this province of Styria, then called Noricum, the genius of the mountains, willing to do the new inhabitants a favour, appeared to the conquerors, and said,—"Take your choice: Will you have gold mines for a year—silver for twenty years—or iron for ever?" Our wise ancestors, who had just begun to learn the true

relative value of the precious metals, by ascertaining, practically, that their rude swords were an overmatch for all the wealth of the Romans, at once decided to accept iron for ever!"—*Ibid.*

*The Linnean Society of Sweden*, with a liberality worthy of imitation in national establishments, employs a travelling naturalist, Professor Hedenberg, at a salary of 300*l.* a-year, to collect for them every thing worthy of attention. He is furnished by the Society with all the various instruments, tests, and articles for preserving specimens of natural history, and every thing necessary to the objects of his travels. The professor is now in Abyssinia, and is expected to bring to Sweden a rich store of natural curiosities. Would it not be worth the attention of the British government to employ similar means of increasing our national collection of natural history? There are eight travelling naturalists attached to the Jardin des Plantes and Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, at Paris, who collect in every part of the world, and are continually adding to the stores of those splendid and admirably conducted establishments. But, surely, if a private Society in Sweden can afford to employ a travelling naturalist, it is high time that the government of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland should be roused from that apathy to the encouragement of science in which it has so long continued.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We dare say the lady novel-readers will look with more than usual complacency on a work about to appear, entitled—"Berkeley Castle," written by Mr. Granville Berkeley, to whom they are now about to present a piece of plate, in honour of his gallantry towards them in the House of Commons.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of Greece, by the Rev. C. Thirlwall, Vol. III. (forming Vol. LXXX. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), 12mo. 6s. cloth.—A Popular Treatise on the Preservation of the Teeth and Gums, by Wm. Thornton, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—A System of Stenography, on a New Principle, by Joseph Webster, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Treatise on the Law of Bills of Exchange, Promissory Notes, &c., by R. Thomson, 2d edition, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Jerningham; or, the Inconsistent Man, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—The History of Van Diemen's Land, from 1824 to 1835, 12mo. 5s. bds.—The Romance of Nature; or, the Flower Seasons illustrated, by Louisa A. Twamley, 27 coloured Plates, 1*l.* 11s. 6d. Morocco.—Travels in Northern Greece, by W. M. Leake, 4 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* cloth.—Sunday under Three Heads; As it is, As Sabbath Bills would make it, As it might be made, by Timothy Sparks, 2s.—A Course of Historical and Chronological Instruction, by W. E. Bickmore, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cloth.—The Court and Camp of Don Carlos, by M. B. Homan, post 8vo. 12s. cloth.—The Birth-Day; a Poem, in 3 Parts, by Caroline Bowles, 8cap 8vo. 7s. bds.—Sermons preached at St. Botolph, Cambridge, by the Rev. Geo. Fisk, LL.B. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Retired Lieutenant, &c.; Poems, by John Lake, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. cloth.—Sermons on Association, by the Rev. G. A. Poole, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Sacred Classics, Vol. XXVIII.: Horne on the Psalms, Vol. I. 4s. 6d. cloth.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 23	From 53 to 68	29.76 to 29.74
Friday . . . 24	51 to 69	29.74 to 29.69
Saturday . . . 25	47 to 64	29.92 to 30.02
Sunday . . . 26	40 to 69	30.13 to 30.19
Monday . . . 27	40 to 70	30.22 to 30.13
Tuesday . . . 28	47 to 82	30.04 to 30.08
Wednesday 29	47 to 74	30.20 to 30.22

Prevailing winds, S.W., S. by E., and N. by E. Generally clear, except the mornings of the 23d, 34th, and evenings of the 25th and 27th; rain on the 23d, 25th, and 27th; a storm of thunder and lightning, and heavy rain and hail, from 4 o'clock to 10 minutes after 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th.

Rain fallen, .2125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude . . . 51° 37' 37" N.  
Longitude . . . 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to refuse Emma's request; but the subject is hardly suited to our miscellaneous page. Our pages are this week called on to do homage to so many new works of fiction, that sundry graver matters have had to yield to these more ephemeral productions.



## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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